

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON. E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE
CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.
SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

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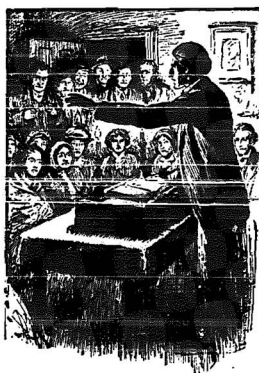
WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.

HISTORIC EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF OUR FOUNDERS

(See page 3)



Even in his early years the miserable condition of the poor made William Booth feel bad. On one occasion he and a friend collected money, took a little cabin, furnished it, and put into it an old beggar woman who had slept in doorways.



William Booth preached his first sermon in a cottage meeting, the little room being crowded to the doors



Catherine Mumford, as a girl, walked by the side of a drunk man, who was being arrested, to show her sympathy.



In the early days in Bethnal Green, when rubbish was pelted at the processionists, the Founder would shout to his brave little band of followers, "Take no notice! March straight on!"



Mrs. Booth, convinced of the right of women to preach the Gospel, rose to her feet when testimonies were asked for at the close of the chapel service, and bore witness for her Master.



The Army Mother's first sick visiting was undertaken when she herself was at the seaside because of ill-health.



The Army Mother shared her husband's every burden. Often he would rush into the kitchen to tell her of his latest plan.



William Booth took his eldest son to Whitechapel, and leading him to the doors of a public-house, crowded with men and women drinking, exclaimed, "Bramwell, these are our people!"

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, February 17th, Acts 7: 17-29.
"Moses... was cast out." Stephen showed that what may have seemed a terrible tragedy to the parents of Moses was but the beginning of God's wonderful plan for him. In no other way could he have received the splendid education which the princess gave him. God has some beautiful surprises for those who trust Him.

Monday, February 18th, Acts 7: 30-43.
God's dealings with Israel. Stephen knew the history of his own nation so well that he was able, simply and easily, to show the Council that God's dealings are ever the same. The Lord has always kept His Covenant. It is only when His people are unfaithful that His plans for them have to be altered. If we are honest with ourselves we may find this to be the secret of lack of blessing in our own lives.

Tuesday, February 19th, Acts 7: 44-50.
"He fell asleep." Just like a tired child in his mother's arms, Stephen had no revenge or hatred in his heart. In the midst of that bloodthirsty crowd, therefore, he alone was calm and unconcerned. Stephen saw the Saviour as only "the pure in heart" can, and His Presence effaced all else as he passed through the gateway of martyrdom into the eternal glory.

Wednesday, February 20th, Acts 8: 1-13.
"They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching." The persecuted disciples fed for their lives, yet the wonderful joy and power within them caused them to tell out the good news of a Saviour wherever they went. Thus the Devil's plan to hinder Christ's Kingdom actually served to spread it still further. Satan can never prevent either our happiness or usefulness while we remain steadfastly true to Jesus Christ.

Thursday, February 21st, Acts 8: 14-25.
"Thy heart is not right in the sight of God." Simon said he was converted, but his heart was unchanged, or his thoughts and wishes would have been different too. One of the first results of true conversion is that a humble and unselfish spirit replaces selfishness and pride.

"Spirit of purity and grace
Our weakness, pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place
And worthy Thee."

Friday, February 22nd, Acts 8: 26-40.
"Thy Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip." Human wisdom would probably have arranged for Philip to go home with the Ethiopian, to stay with him till the Queen and all her subjects were converted to Christianity. But God wanted the Ethiopian to do his own witnessing, for he would have more influence than any outsider. If God has "caught away" your "Philip," remember that He Himself is still with you.

Saturday, February 23rd, Acts 9: 1-19.
"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The proud persecutor has become the humble disciple. Paul's whole future life was lived in the spirit of this sincere heart-cry to the Saviour he had hitherto hated and opposed. It was this absolute surrender to the will of Jesus, that made Paul the self-sacrificing, successful soul-winner he afterwards became.

"SHE'S A SALVATIONIST"

The Best Testimonial the Mistress Ever Had

Captain Ashby was visiting a lady—an Army subscriber—in Toronto the other day when she suddenly said, "I have a maid; she's one hundred per cent."

"Yes," exclaimed the Captain, anticipating some further remark.

"She's true to her religion, and—she's a Salvationist."

The Captain experienced a justifiable thrill of pride as the lady concluded, "And that's the best testimonial I've ever had."

THE SECRET of POWER

BY COMMISSIONER S. L. BRENGLE, D.D.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."—Isaiah 40:31.

IF I WERE dying, and had the privilege of delivering a last exhortation to all the Christians of the world, and that message had to be condensed into three words, I would say, "Wait on God!"

Wherever I go I find backsliders—Methodist backsliders, Baptist backsliders, Salvationist backsliders—all kinds of backsliders by the thousand. Until my heart aches as I think of the great army of discouraged souls, of the way in which the Holy Spirit has been grieved, and of the way in

bed them of their courage, and bankrupted their love, they would have renewed their strength and mounted over all obstacles as though on eagles' wings. They would have run through their enemies, and not been weary. They would have walked in the midst of trouble, and not failed.

Waiting on God means more than a prayer of thirty seconds on getting up in the morning and going to bed at night. It may mean one prayer that gets hold of God and comes

from all earthly concerns, a battle with determination to never let go that puts all the wealth of Heaven's wisdom and power, and love at the disposal of a little man so that he shouts and triumphs over all others tremble, and fall and become more than conquerors in the very face of death and hell.

It is in the heat of just such seasons of waiting on God that every great soul gets the wisdom and strength that make it an atom in the sight of other men. They, too, might be "cast in the sight of the Lord" if they would wait on God and be true, instead of getting excited and running to this man and that, and help when the testing times come.

The Psalmist had been in great trouble and this is what he says of his deliverance: "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my going. And He hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

Cold and Discouraged

The other day I went to a poor little Corps where nearly everything had gone wrong. Many were cold and discouraged; but I found one sister with a wonderful glow on her face, and glad, sweet praise in her mouth. She told me how she had looked at others falling around her, and noted the carelessness of many in the Corps, until her heart ached, and she felt disheartened and her feet almost slipped. But she went to God, and gave up her love for Him, and prayed, and waited until He drew near her, and showed her the secret path on which she herself was standing — showed her that her business was to follow Jesus, to wait before Him with a perfect heart, and to cleave to Him though the whole Corps backslid. Then she confessed all that God showed her; confessed how near she had come to joining the great army of backsliders bent through looking at others; humbled herself before Him, and renewed her covenant, until an unutterable joy came to her heart, and God put His fear in her soul, and filled her with the glory of His presence.

She told me, further, that the next day she fairly trembled to think of the awful danger she had been in, and declared that time of waiting on God in the silence of the night saved her, and now her heart was filled with the full assurance of hope for herself, and not only for herself, but also for the Corps. Oh, for ten thousand such soldiers!

The Secret

David said, "My soul, wait thou on God, for my expectation is in Him," and again he declares: "I will wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His name do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than the watch for the morning;" and he sends out this ringing exhortation and note of encouragement to you and me: "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: Wait, I say, on the Lord."

The secret of all failures, and of true success is hidden in the attitude of the soul in its private walk with God. The man who courageously waits on God is bound to succeed. He cannot fail. To other men he may appear for the present to fail, but at the end they will see what he knew all the time: that God was with him making him, in spite of all appearances, "a prosperous man."

Jesus puts the secret into these words: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Know, then, that all failure has its beginning in the closet, in neglecting to wait on God until filled with wisdom, clothed with power, and all are with love.

To Those Who Are Discouraged

Do you remember the night you knelt humbly at the Cross, confessed you sinner, and received God's pardoning love?

Do you remember how anxious you were to let everybody know about it?

Do you remember how your soul was filled with joy in the meeting when you gave your first testimony?

Do you remember how eager you were to do anything the Officer asked you to do?

Do you remember how anxious you were to be doing more and more for your Saviour?

Do you remember how humble and self-sacrificing you were, thinking of every one's comfort

except your own?

Do you remember with what determination you said that you would live only for God's glory and fight to the end?

Do you remember the promises you made to God at the Mercy-seat?

Do you remember when the fight became hard and severe, that instead of relying to much on God, as you had done in the past, you gave way to doubts, and darkness came in?

Remember now, the bitter agony of Gethsemane, when Jesus your loving Saviour, drank the bitter cup for you—will you not drink a bitter cup for Him, if needs be? Say "I will," and just go on with your God-given work.

which Jesus has been treated.

If these backsliders were asked the cause of their present condition, ten thousand different reasons would be given; but after all, there is but one, and that is this: They did not wait on God. If they had waited on Him when the fierce assault was made that overthrew their faith, rob-

away with the blessing, or it may mean a dozen prayers that knock, and persist, and will not be put off, until God arises, and makes bare His arm in behalf of the pleading soul.

There is a drawing nigh to God, a knocking at Heaven's doors, a pleading of the promises, a reasoning with Jesus, a forgetting of self, a turning



Caught on the Wing of God

"ONLY ONE"

THE big electric sign blazed its message to all within several blocks, and nearly everyone in the crowd waiting for the street-car glanced up at it occasionally as it flickered and changed. Conspicuous in its outline of fire was a dark spot where a bulb was burnt out, and an onlooker's comment was "It is only one, but what a difference it makes."

"Only one!" Only one dark lamp, but it spoiled the effect of the whole sign; only one instrument out of tune, but it marred the harmony of a great symphony; only one hasty word, but a lifelong friendship was blighted; only one unfaithful comrade, but The Army's influence in the town suffered.

Vital issues may hang on that "only one." A stranger sat in the Citadel of a down East Corps, and a comrade felt strongly led to speak to him about his soul, but he hesitated until the opportunity was gone. Two days later, the stranger was killed in a street accident. He may have been prepared, I don't know, but I know that comrade has suffered a life-long regret because he missed the only chance he ever had to help that man. He would have prized the opportunity more had he known it was the "only one."

There is another side, however. A

minister lamented because he had "only one" convert, but that one was Robert Moffat, the great missionary. The Founder spoke "only one" sentence to a young woman, but it led to her Salvation and Officership and a life of splendid service. A visitor to an Irish country school spoke a cheering word to a boy in a dunce-cap, and the lad was encouraged to try again; as was Adam Clarke, the Bible commentator.

The one Junior in your Company may become a great soul-winner; the friend you invite to one meeting may get saved; the one "War Cry" you sell may contain just the needed message; the one testimony you give may bring hope to a despairing passer-by. Don't miss the opportunity for one kindly word, one thoughtful action, one pleasant smile, if there is "only one" chance, it is priceless; use it well, lest you suffer vain regret when it is past forever.

"Only one life, 'twill soon be past;
Only what's done for Jesus will last."



Historic Episodes in the Lives of our Founders

SALVATIONISTS the world over delight to acknowledge William Booth as "our Moses." The designation has been universally acclaimed as well-chosen. There are not a few points of similarity between the patriarchal leader of Israel and our own Founder—a fact which is accentuated by numerous episodes in his life.

Nor can we except the name of his noble partner—our sainted Army Mother—who was a sharer in William Booth's vicissitudes no less than in his victories.

Through the gifted pen of Mr. Harold Begbie, and in the chatty writings of Brigadier Ruth Tracy, we gain many intimate glimpses of our Army Founders.

Born at a period when poverty and



The sight of ragged children weeping bitterly because they had no food made William Booth, especially sad.

riots were rife, we learn that William was not "born good," but that once at least Mr. Samuel Booth bought a cane with which to chastise his son for some misdemeanor. Like most boys also, he was not "head and heels" in love with school, but was delighted to start in his first position, which was as a pawnbroker's assistant.

Whilst yet a lad he was summoned to the bedside of his dying father, and the little service, held by the light of a candle—when there was singing and prayer, and the dying man committed his wife and children to God—must have awakened strange and new thoughts in the mind of the tall, slim boy, who was now to become his mother's chief assistant.

Then came the greatest day of William Booth's life, when, in that chapel class-room in Nottingham he definitely gave his heart to God.

One of the first evidences of William's conversion was that the miserable condition of an old beggar woman began to make him feel bad. He had passed her in the street many times before, without any idea of doing anything. Now he wanted to help her. He and a chum—Will Sansom—talked the matter over, and then went among their friends, collected money, took a little cabin, furnished it, and put into it the old lady, who had slept in doorways and under hedges. They also saw that she had enough to live on, week by week.

This was, as Mr. Begbie puts it, our great Founder's first experi-

ment in Social Work!"

An American evangelist, the Rev. James Caughey, later visited Nottingham. Young Booth attended his meetings, "caught the fire from the evangelist's burning words, joined in the singing of Charles Wesley's triumphant battle-songs, and watched exciting scenes of conversion—people he knew being changed by the miracle of the new birth. Here, at last, was religion in action, the real and living religion of his dreams. He gave himself up to it."

First Efforts

Overcoming his timidity and shyness, which at one time threatened to seriously hinder his usefulness, William joined young Sansom in conducting the first Open-air meetings.

Cottage meetings and visitation of the sick were added to William's activities and then he was given a chance, by his minister, to do some village preaching. By the time he was nineteen he had been made a local preacher.

His weary term of apprenticeship being completed he began searching for work, but without success, so "he did what so many other adventurers have done, set his face toward the great capital, where he arrived with empty pockets and a fighting spirit."

The circumstances of William Booth's meeting Catherine Mumford were both providential and inspiring. It was at a tea-party, at which William had been persuaded to recite a poem—"The Grogger's Dream." This seems to have precipitated a warm argument among the guests, some claiming that drink taken in moderation was not harmful. But the decided and logical opinions of Catherine Mumford against liquor in any shape or form, were such that the moderateists were silenced.

William Booth fell in love with Catherine Mumford on their second meeting.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, in his record of the Army mother, takes us to the mountain-side of life, and we look down together on what is, in its beginnings, a tiny cascade, like a silver thread, leaping over the rocks. Following its course from this height, we see it develop into a stately river, that sweeps hundreds of miles through the plains, bearing great vessels on its bosom away to the limitless ocean. So, from tiny beginnings, the life of The Army Mother grew in beauty and strength, ever broader and deeper, until its influence came to be felt through all the world.

Early Training

An only daughter; Catherine was brought up by her pious Methodist mother, whose object in life was to train her girl in paths of rectitude. Her favorite reading-book as a child was the Bible; indeed, before she was twelve Catherine had read the Bible through eight times. At sixteen she was definitely converted.

Naturally of a generous and sympathetic nature, these feelings were aroused one day when as a little maid of five she saw a drunken man being dragged to the jail by a policeman, followed by a crowd of jeering boys and even grown-ups. Katie's heart went out to him; she ran to his side and marched down the street with him, just to show the poor creature that there was one who sympathized—even though he was a drunkard.

Before she reached her teens she was the Secretary of a Juvenile Temperance Society and had penned her first articles against this mon-

strous drink evil, which she sent to various temperance magazines.

Troublesome times came amongst the Wesleys, concerning church government, and both Catherine and William, after prayerfully considering the question from every angle, threw in their lot with the reform element. Writing to William Booth, Miss Mumford said, "It is very trying to be . . . slighted when you are acting from the purest motives, but . . . you have a Friend above, whose love is as great as His power. He can open your way to another sphere of usefulness greater than you now conceive of." What prophetic words!

In an empty church, on January 18th, 1855, a union was consummated between William Booth and Catherine Mumford which was destined to influence the world.

Years of splendid and successful evangelism were next spent, during which their united efforts, characterized by fervent zeal and untrammeled by form and ceremony, had its effect in the Salvation of hundreds of souls.

"Enlarged Their Coast"

It was the training ground for that "greater sphere of usefulness," which was even then so imminent.

From the narrow confines of the circuit God "enlarged their coast." In the first eighteen months after their resignation from the Methodist, Mr. and Mrs. Booth saw seven thousand people professing conversion.

In 1855 it is recorded that a woman preacher was such a unique sight that people flocked to hear Mrs. Booth speak in a Free Church Methodist Chapel, in London. Describing this courageous soul, who had so bravely defied an age-long custom that women should be forbidden in the pulpit, a gospel magazine said:

"A plain black, straw bonnet, slightly relieved by a pair of dark violet strings. A black velvet, loose-fitting jacket, with tight sleeves, which



The Army mother writing letters of wise counsel to her children.

appeared exceedingly suitable to her while preaching, and a black silk dress constituted the plain and becoming attire of this female preacher.

"Mrs. Booth is a woman of no ordinary mind, and her powers of argument are of a superior character. Her delivery is calm, precise, and clear, without the least . . . formality or tediousness. Her language is simple and well chosen. . . . Might we say that many of our ministers, deacons, elders, and members would do well to hear Mrs. Booth. They could learn a lesson from her devotion, her evident sincerity for



Some characteristic attitudes of the Founder

the good of souls, her intense earnestness, her affectionate words and her perpetual labors in the cause to which she appears so warmly attached."

The old Christian Mission hymn, in which the following lines occur, epitomized the method of our Founders' work at this time:

"In the streets, in the lanes, aye, anywhere,
Our cathedral is the open-air!"

An Irish prize-fighter, who afterwards became converted, took a great fancy to Mr. Booth and describes him thus:

"I could see he was a minister for he wore a white 'choker' and a tall hat. White-faced, dark-eyed, and a great black beard over his chest, there was something about him that laid hold on a man. It was the poor people he looked for, from start to finish. All day long he was at it, preaching, praying, singing, writing, talking, journeying—always for the poor. There was never a man like him for that. Bits to make you feel like crying and tales to set you laughing came into his searching talks."

The Great Revelation

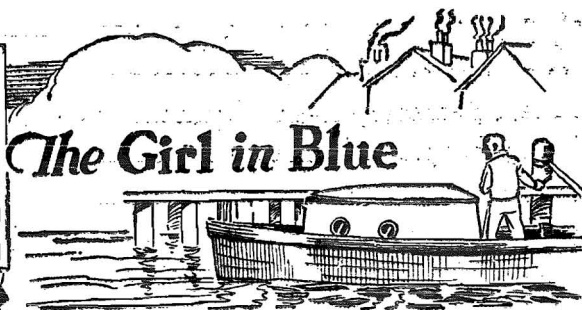
It was at this time that the great revelation came.

Passing the doors of many brightly-lit East End gin palaces, he saw the poor victims of drink and vice swarming round the bars. Always they made his heart ache, and one night a voice seemed to speak to him, saying: "Where can you find such heathen as these? Where could there be a greater need for your labor than here?" Reaching home, he went into the room where his wife sat, and cried out: "O Kate, I have found my destiny!" Then he told her of the voice, and how it had made him feel as though, whatever it might cost, he ought to stay and preach to these East End multitudes.

It was his "burning bush" experience and, like Moses, he went forth, armed with the might of the great "I am." The East End of London was his "Egypt" from which he was to lead a nation of sin-slaves from captivity to "Canaan."

Opportunity, however, outpaced capacity. The work spread so rapidly that it was difficult to cope with it. Dance-halls, warehouses, disused buildings, outbuildings—anything that could be obtained were commandeered as meeting-houses, and soon the East End London Mission came into being.

(Continued on page 4)



The Girl in Blue

CHAPTER VI A Growing Attraction

THE Mertons were sent to a lovely hamlet near Buxton for a month in order that the invalid might be more fit for his duties; then they met with a perfect ovation when they arrived at Lichfield, where Sergeant Merton's regiment was stationed.

"Mother, isn't it a dear old city, the best we've lived in!" exclaimed Grace as they passed beneath the Stonebow, at Lincoln. "Better than Lichfield?" quizzingly enquired Mrs. Merton. "Even than dear sleepy Lichfield," replied Grace, as she squeezed her mother's arm. She was now nearly as tall as her mother, and in many characteristics resembled her very much; but her features bore a stronger resemblance than ever to her father, as did her broad brow, straight nose, firm round chin, and the set of her head upon somewhat square shoulders. But anyone could see that the eyes and sweet mouth belonged to her mother, as did the graceful carriage.

A Flutter of Pleasure

The four years had been very pleasant ones, and Mrs. Merton had ripened under their influences. Since Lichfield, they had lived at Pontefract, and at both places Grace had gone into domestic service on account of the number of mouths to be filled, for the family had been increased by two others, and this was no small burden on a sergeant's pay.

They had got through the ancient old Bow, and were turning up High Street, when Grace saw a couple of bonnets, whose shape and slash of red ribbon always brought a flutter of pleasure to her heart. As the Salvation Army bonnets drew nearer, her eyes scanned the faces of the two lassie Officers, and with an elastic clutch of her mother's arm, Grace at once caused her to look away from the fascinations of the large drapery shop window.

"It's Captain Mason!" Another moment and she was standing with outstretched hands before the Officer, who took the hands with an enquiring smile upon her comely features. But only for a moment, then with a laugh she exclaimed, "Our Girl in Blue!" One hand went up to the girl's neck, and a flushed kiss was pressed upon the hearty cheek.

"This is my mother," said Grace.

An Invitation

"So glad to meet you, Mrs. Merton," said the Captain. "For though I called at your home in Derby I was not fortunate enough to meet you, and I suppose, like ourselves, you have no abiding place. This is my Leff, Lizzie Glentis, only just out of Training, and we have only arrived in the city this week."

"We came two days ago," simply replied Mrs. Merton, kindly greeting the Lieutenant.

"And have you become a Soldier of the great Salvation Army yet, Grace?" enquired the Captain.

"No; but I'm still as fond of it as I used to be when you were at Derby," shyly answered Grace.

"Then you will have to come to

our Corps," said the Leff in her low, Scotch accent, and there was upon the bonnie face a light that told of a burning enthusiasm for the Flag of Blood and Fire. "Lincoln II is quite close to where you have come to live, and perhaps your mother will accompany you."

Grace's Confession

"Thank you, dear, I'm afraid I do not make use of all my opportunities on a Sunday; when I go to a place of worship I usually get my husband to take me to an out-of-the-way church."

"Well, we must be going; but we shall be calling to see you, Soldiers or not," briskly exclaimed the Captain, and with cordial leave-takings, they separated.

"Child, how infatuated you are with those Salvationists. I thought when Canon Legge took you into his house at Lichfield that you had forgotten them, for you seemed to grow immensely fond of the Cathedral services, and the Sunday School of All Saints."

"True, mother, I can love God anywhere and at all times, and I do enjoy the church services; but do you know that I have never been able to hear the beat of The Army drum without a throb, and even when at the Canon's I was unable to keep away from their meetings."

"Really, Grace, I do not understand you. I like the Salvationists for their earnestness; but as you know I do not like a noisy kind of religion, and they do make a great deal to do, and their shouting rather distracts than draws me to worship. But what would the Canon have said had he known?"

The Canon Impressed

"Why, d'ye know, mother dear, one night after leaving evensong I was going round to The Army Hall, thinking that a short time in their meeting would satisfy my heart; when, who should come alongside me when near its entrance but the Canon. "Where are you going, Grace; this is not the way home?" he said, "I know, Canon," I replied, "but I'm going into

The Salvation army meeting for half an hour." "Then, I'll go in with you," he said, and together we went into the Hall. And oh! mother, it was a beautiful service, the testimonies, songs, and the Officer's heart-talk were such that I shall always remember. The Canon was impressed. Just as we got to the Cathedral precincts, he said, "I am glad I went into that little meeting; it did me good. That



"So glad to meet you, Mrs. Merton" said the Captain, shaking hands cordially

Officer is a man of God."

For some minutes mother and daughter paced in silence before the West front of the magnificent old minister.

"And at Pontefract, did you get to any Army meetings, Grace?"

"Not often, mother, You see, Mrs. Mostyn, for whom you remember I worked, being such an invalid, always had one of the girls with her in the evening, and she seemed to have a

preference for me. She was such a lovely Christian that I was glad to be with her. But one Officer I met there nearly got me into the ranks. She was a dear, and I shall be glad to meet Captain Hodder again."

"Then you may yet become a Salvationist?"

Grace did not reply for some minutes, and then with that shrewd glance of hers, she looked into her mother's face and quietly said, "Yes, mother."

Nothing more was said on the homeward way, but Mrs. Merton pondered deeply. Candidly, she did not like the methods of The Army, and she had always wondered how her daughter could find either comfort or inspiration in their meetings. She had, in Derby, been averse to Grace attending The Army Hall; but perceiving the child's interest, and not wishing to deprive her of the little pleasure she was able to obtain in their cramped position, had made no objection.

For herself, she was deeply religious, and her faith in God was manifest, but she was one of those few souls who find their greatest strength in quiet worship. However, a new thought had taken possession of her, if this Salvationism appealed to Grace, was it not possible that it had in it elements that would have influenced her husband to a higher life? He was a good husband and father; temperate, honest and kind, but lacking in thoughtfulness and usefulness. A fine soldier with a splendid record, but too open-handed with his comrades and his pleasures. Whilst he admired religion as displayed in his wife's life, and liked to see the observance of it in his children, he found it irksome, and could only be prevailed to accompany his wife occasionally to some church where he was least likely to be met by his soldier comrades.

Of course, church parade, and appearing at the drum-head in camp, were among the duties of his profession, and had no particular significance to him. These things had pained Mrs. Merton very deeply, and she had spent many hours upon her knees wrestling for the conversion of her husband. Now she wondered if God was providing for her husband a means of entrance into His Kingdom in the attraction of her daughter towards The Salvation Army. Her husband was peculiarly susceptible to Grace's influence. It had often amused her to notice the favours Grace had been able to obtain from her father, and it even interested her to discover actions on his part occasioned by some desire of Grace's.

As they got inside the regimental quarters, Mrs. Merton suddenly took her daughter's face between her hands and intently studied her few moments. Then with an unusual passion, she pressed her lips upon the pure sensitive mouth. "Becoming a mere Soldier won't satisfy you, child," she said.

(To be continued)

"EVERY STITCH IS A JEWEL"

Well-Known Writer's Tribute to Women's Social Workers

The well-known writer, Fay Inchfawn, tells how, when at Land's End, on the "very top of England," she met a woman peddler of The Army's Social Service Department for Women. "She was pushing her truck manfully along a Cornish lane," says the writer, "where the gorse was golden and the larks were singing, and as she went I seemed to glimpse something of her dreams.

"It is no easy task to push a trolley for miles on end. No easy thing to open gates, walk up to the people's doors, and bear with impatience the rebuffs of various kinds.

"I scarcely think the peddler, in spite of all her cheery pluck, could do it if it were not for her dreams, for, listen, that thing with wheels isn't a trolley, and she isn't pushing it. It's a chariot, and she's riding in it. Those things to the huddle—they

are not just aprons and overalls, kitchen towels, and night-dresses—they represent great treasure.

"Every stitch is a jewel, every hem and every seam is a triumph. The patience and the faith and the love that helped to make them, made something more than garments and household stuffs.

"Oh, the peddler knows! She knows that the soul of a girl is more precious than rubies, and she, herself, with her dusky shoes and her tired back, is just a link in the chain of some one's Salvation.

"She looks forward to a day when of every such girl it can be said, 'The King's daughter is all glorious within,' and 'she shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needle-work.' For God Himself, most patiently, mends broken lives with boldness."

BRACEBRIDGE (Eugene and Mrs. Cornthwaite)—During a recent week-end we were favored with a visit from Major Owen, our newly-appointed Divisional Commander. The latter was extremely cold and stoical, and a great percentage of our people were shut in on account of sickness; but in spite of this many were privileged to hear the Major and were greatly blessed and helped. Officers were held and the shut-ins visited.—M.G.

AN ARMY ANGELUS IN JAVA

By Ensign William S. Harris

DONG! dong! dong! rings out the bell, gaining speed. Dong! dong! dong! it continues for several minutes. Dong! dong! dong! it concludes slowly, and the bamboo supports in front of the officers' native house creak in protest—or is it in thankfulness?

This disturbing bell generally chooses to make itself heard at sunset, when the whole creation is preparing for the night of silence. It proudly proclaims a meeting for one of the isolated village Corps in the mountains of Java. To announce a meeting for Thursday night and expect all to come would be useless, for who would know the day? In the Christian week there are seven days, but the Javanese week only boasts of five. Thus the bell is a trusty and necessary old fellow, who saves much confusion.

The answering echo of the bell's final effort scarcely dies away before it is acknowledged with a defiant growl and a splendid chorus of yelping from the semi-wild dogs of the village. But in a few moments The Army's soldiers and adherents begin their upward procession, through the muddy lanes in the fading light, toward the bamboo meeting hall on the hill.

An Experience Unique and Touching

It is a pleasurable sight—this fifteen minutes of assembling—and the meeting is an experience unique and touching, even for the most unfeeling soul!

Picture the white-washed bamboo walls, the doorway (made for the diminutive Javanese people), so low that the missionary Captains must stoop or bump their heads on entering; the four suspended oil lamps, giving the shadowy light of a temple; the low wooden benches; the brightly colored Biblical plates on the wall, and the ancient floor belonging only to Mother Earth. Is there not something entrancing about this crude Salvation temple? Its charm does not lie in its roughly tiled roof—a type made compulsory by the Government as a preventive measure against plague—but perhaps the shortened walls, with their air space of several feet around the whole building and the vivid lightning flashes across the black sky, give away the secret. The setting is further easternized by the buzz of a myriad insects without and the mysterious croakings and chirpings of countless small creatures within, some at our very feet. There is no platform, but take a seat in the front between the white missionary Officers and their native Envoy.

An Interesting Congregation

The congregation begins to arrive—or rather to steal in—barefooted, and silent as shadows, the small boys being exceptions. Boys are boys the world over, and these are interested just now in a fight between a pair of pet crickets, and are full of shouting and laughter, scarcely to be suppressed on entering the hall. The girls, a little shy, arrive in a body. All have "sarongs" (or skirts) reaching to their feet, and their hair pulled tightly back and screwed in a mysterious way, without the use of hairpins, into a becoming knob at the back. They are unlike children, for in every way they are dressed exactly as their mothers. Some squat on the wooden seats with their legs tucked under them, and most of them prefer the very low back rows. Some, be it noted, are dripping wet—hair, face and clothes. They have just

come from their evening bath in the river, for the natives require neither soap nor towel for their toilet, but are convinced of their cleanliness if they merely make themselves wet. Their clothes dry on them, but, strangely enough, they rarely take cold.

That bright-eyed, rough-looking girl on the back seat is Soepnum, and her cunning-faced companion is Samee. Poor market girls they are, wild as gypsies, who buy and trade in a small way for their living. They may be reckoned experts in all



The meeting over, the native Envoy lights the torches

the European arts of lying, cheating, arguing, bargaining, and even stealing. It is good to see them in The Army meetings.

The mothers come with their babies slung deftly across their backs. Poor little kiddies! They have, according to custom, had their limbs securely bound to their sides at birth, and are so kept for the first six weeks of their lives. Little wonder that some are now excited over their new-found freedom.

The men stalk in grim and sunburnt, but their quaint and quiet greetings make them at once most lovable. Most of them have spent many hours of the day in the terrific heat of the rice fields. They sit, as always, apart from their women folk—the men on one side of the hall, the women on the other. That lean fellow, with the deep bass voice, was formerly the leader of a gang of thieves, but is now happily saved.

The occupants of the front row are all boys. There is Pama, more or less correctly attired; Roos, with a coat and a most gorgeous belt; his younger brother, minus any clothes at all save a hat; another boy, with just a pair of short pants,

but with a closely cropped head, except for two tufts of very long hair on the top left by some humorous barber. His pal wears a rig-out which looks suspiciously like something recently discarded by the Captain. A motley, but fascinating, congregation.

The meeting commences with a song. All who know it, especially Pama and company on the front row, sing, or rather shout, their best, and to a point of serious strain on their lungs and vocal organs. But the Captain is not satisfied. New-comers, who do not know the words and tune, are present. There are no song books. The people could not read if there were, so the Captain slowly and distinctly reads the first verse again, word for word, and line by line, the crowd repeating it after him. This is done a few times, and then the Mrs. Captain sings the tune, and the congregation again follows her, line for line. Some still insist on shouting the whole of the tune on their one favorite note, but the greater number have mastered the first verse, and triumphant smiles and rows of sparkling, black eyes witness to the fact. Thus the first song consists tonight of only its first verse. With average progress a song of four verses and chorus may become popular in the village in about five weeks.

At prayer time every dark head bows, and all reverently kneel, while there is a fervent chorus of "Amen" at its conclusion.

A chorus follows, interrupted by the entrance of a village dog, chasing one of the neighbor's chickens, and, to add to the general disturbance, an evening breeze contrives to blow out the oil lamps. How very different from Canada! and yet, as the testimonies of precious native Salvationists, rescued from the sea of heathendom, are heard, how very similar! In Java The Army's work has the same purpose as in other countries. One realizes this with a special thrill of pride and thankfulness, for Java's sake.

Roos and company of the front row are mildly rebuked more than once, especially when one of them, in the middle of the chorus proceeds to chase and catch a fine, fat-looking beetle, buzzing around one of the lamps. The excuse given in a rather hurt tone, is, "It is such a nice one, and it would be so nice to fry presently, and eat it for supper!"

A Wonderful Scene

Now, the Captain's speaking and the quaint singing tones of the Javanese language fill the bamboo hall, and spread out into the village in holy exhortation to the Mohammedan populace, to seek Christ as their Saviour. The Captain values eyegate as well as eargate, for his people are dark and ignorant, and he always uses a colored Bible plate to illustrate the story of his lesson. Thus everyone is unquestionably attracted.

The Captain's points of application are simple and practical. Here they are: (1) thou shalt not steal; (2) thou shalt not tell untruths; (3) thou shalt wash thy face and comb thy hair every day.

The elder people of the audience seem especially to appreciate the significance of the point to the occupants of the first row.

Finally, as elsewhere, so in Central Java the invitation goes forth for volunteers to serve Jesus. There is a wonderful scene, beautiful beyond description, when the heavenly hosts draw near to succor the heathen in their darkness and depravity.

And the result? Soepnum and Samee, the market girls, rise from their seats and kneel down in the aisle. They do not know the way to the penitent-form, but eager and loving hands soon lead them forward.

Then Pama of the front row joins them. A touching little figure he makes, with his curiously cropped head buried in his small, black arms. His tears of repentance are surely pearls of priceless worth.

The meeting over, the native Envoy lights the long-leaved torches, the dogs again bark in surprise; snatches of the first verse of the first song again float on the evening air, and the scattered congregation is soon at home.

Why do they carry torches? Do they fear devils, sprites, spirits, or snakes? Well, of that more anon.

International Pars from Far and Near

(that Lieut.-Colonel Mary Murray (Retired) is in indifferent health. The Colonel, who was for many years actively engaged in Naval and Military Work, in which she is still very keenly interested, will much appreciate the prayers of her comrades of the League.

Sergeant Major Hoffmann, of Cologne II (Germany), who recently

celebrated his silver wedding anniversary, after a dedication service in the Hall gave a dinner to his friends. At the banquet-board the Sergeant-Major (a Local Officer of over twenty-five years' service) produced his Self-Denial Card, and his guests were so generous that his target was smashed immediately.

Three years ago a large knife was

stolen from the kitchen of a Men's Social Institution in Holland. The other day a newly-converted man brought back the knife with some money, which he felt he ought to pay for the use of it.

The Officers of New Castle, Ind., U.S.A., are very elated over the fact that Mr. Ayers, a prominent citizen of that city and a warm friend of The Army, has agreed to pay off the mortgage of about \$3,000 on The Army property there.

Secretary Emma Andassy, of Budapest, the responsible Editor of "Segelykiallas," the Hungarian "War Cry," has been promoted to Glory in a street accident. The Secretary was one of the earliest Salvationists in Hungary, where she has done much valuable work as a translator in public meetings.

Naval and Military Leaguers everywhere—and especially those on the reserve list who remember her early ministrations—will regret to learn



Official Organ of The Salvation Army
in Canada East - Newfoundland

International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
**LT-COMMISSIONER WILLIAM
MAXWELL.**
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be addressed to the Editor.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

SWITZERLAND

**LT-COMMISSIONER FRANCOIS F.
FORNACHON** (Retired), out from
Neuchâtel, 1884, last appointment Ter-
ritorial Commander, Czecho-Slovakia;
from his home at Mutruz, Switzerland;
On January 17th, 1933.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

APPOINTMENTS:

Commandant and Mrs. Philip Woolfrey,
to Mount Dennis, pro tem.
Lieutenant John Carr, to Sudbury.

William Maxwell

Territorial Commander.

A PIONEER CALLED HOME

News has just reached us that **LT-
Commissioner Francois Fornachon** (Retired) has been called
Home from Mutruz, in French-
Switzerland.

The Commissioner, who saw
forty-two years of Salvation
service on European battle-
fields, was one of the outstand-
ing comrades given by Switzer-
land to The Salvation Army.

We shall publish a review of
the Commissioner's career in
our next issue.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Leads Officers' Councils at
London

The Chief Secretary met the Offi-
cers of the London Division in the
London III Hall, on the Monday fol-
lowing the Young People's Councils
in that city. The Colonel's words of
encouragement and advice regarding
the present crisis in The Army were
very timely, and the message he gave
from the Word of God was strength-
ening and helpful.

The words of Mrs. Henry were
much appreciated, as was also the
exposition of a Scripture passage by
LT-Commissioner Hoe. Other Officers,
who took part, were Colonel Adby,
Brigadiers Church and Burton. The
latter expressed his warm thanks
and appreciation for the efforts of the
Chief Secretary in connection with
the Young People's Councils, and
said that the results would be felt
throughout the Division in days to
come.

NEW CHIEF SECRETARY For Western U.S.A.

A change in the Chief Secretary-
ship of the Western United States
Territory is announced.

Colonel Wm. S. Barker is shortly
retiring from active service, at his
own request, after thirty-six years of
Officership. He will be succeeded by
Colonel Andrew Crawford.

HALF-NIGHTS OF PRAYER

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

CONDUCTS TWO DEVOTIONAL GATHERINGS FOR TORONTO
WEST AND EAST DIVISIONS AT LISGAR STREET AND NORTH
TORONTO CITADELS

THESE ARE days in which The
Army is passing through the
greatest crisis in its history. We
have experienced the phases of
obscurity, scoffing, persecution and
praise, but now we are called on to
face an entirely new experience.

How shall we meet it? As we have
met all other experiences in our his-
tory; we must have recourse to pray-
er. As the old song has it—

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud
withdraw;

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above."

An Army engaged in such a warfare
as ours, if it does not pray is a de-
feated Army. "Restraining prayer,
we cease to fight," and agitation, dis-
tress, murmurings, and
gloomy forebodings
about the future are
likely to pervade the

manhood and fight to win."

For the "Siege of Canada East,"
which is the present phase of the Cen-
tenary Call Campaign, this is what is
needed most of all. The Chief Sec-
retary gave a splendid lead in this
direction when he called the Toronto
forces together for two Half-Nights of
Prayer, one in the Lisgar Street
Citadel and one at North Toronto. Be-
yond doubt these gatherings have
been resultant in bringing blessing and
encouragement to the hearts of many
hundreds, and the Salvation War in
the Queen City will feel the impetus
thus given.

At Lisgar Street on Wednesday
night, January 30th the Colonel took
the opportunity of explaining to those
gathered the reason for the calling of

turn events have taken, but continue
to pray for The Army."

His words called forth marked ap-
proval from the audience of nearly
four hundred people, and undoubtedly
helped to create a feeling of trust and
confidence that God will safely guide
The Army through the present stress
and lead us out to yet greater fields
of service.

The gathering was divided into
periods, during each of which a select-
ed speaker told of the needs of some
particular branch of Army work and
then prayer was offered for that
specific object.

The theme of Colonel Taylor, the
Field Secretary, was the need of the
individual Salvationist. He urged all
to a periodic self-examination so that
they might be kept in a state of soul
that would make them effective fight-
ers for God.

The spiritual needs of Bandsmen
and Songsters was the topic of **LT-
Colonel Attwell**, who, after refer-
ring to his associations with the mus-
ical side of things in The Army, stressed
the importance of keeping right
spiritually. "As an old Bandsman I
know how easy it is to lose sight of
religion, because of the laudable de-
sire to give one's musical abilities full
play," he said. "Remember that you
are only a Bandsman and Songster
because of your religion. You are in
The Army because you have some-
thing to do for God."

Prayer was then offered
for the great host of Army
musicians who are con-
tributing so much to the
progress of the work.

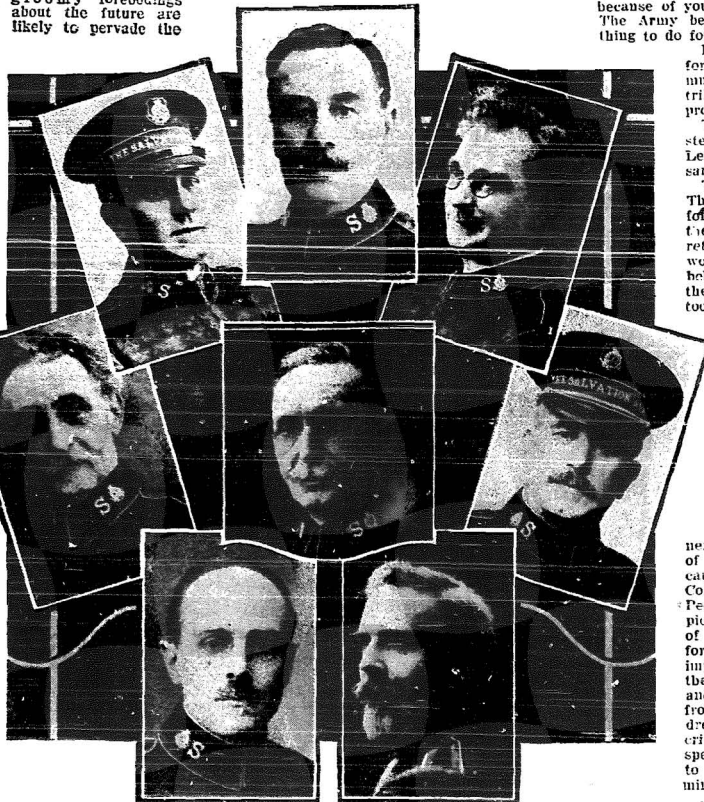
The Lisgar Street Song-
sters, under Songster-
Leader Geo. Ford, then
sang "Teach us to pray."

The Social workers of
The Army were pleaded
for by Colonel Moreau,
the Men's Social Sec-
retary, who depicted the
work that is being done
behind the scenes by
these devoted toilers. He
took his audience in fancy
into the jails and
police courts, into
The Army's Hostels
and Homes, de-
scribing what is being
done for needy
humanity. "It is
our joy that your
jewels are not
from the mine," he
said, "for the object
of all our Social
ramifications is the
Salvation of souls."

The Young People
next claimed the atten-
tion of the assembly, their
cause being pleaded by
Colonel Adby, the Young
People's Secretary. He
pictured the possibilities
of the young in working
for God, and stressed the
importance of getting
them saved early in life
and so preventing them
from drifting into the
dreadful situation de-
scribed by the previous
speaker, where they had
to be rescued from the
mine.

LT-Colonel McAmmond,
the Toronto West
Divisional Officer, spoke of
the Missionary Work of
The Army. His heart
was set on the task, he
stated, because he thought
of his daughter on the
Mission Field in China. The picture
he drew of the millions waiting in
heathen darkness for the Light of
Life must surely have stirred the
sympathies of those present.

The Chief Secretary further deep-
ened the impression of the terrible
need of the heathen by reading some
extracts from a letter he had received
from **LT-Commissioner Alcock**, of
China, describing the awful state
of the country, owing to the thousands of
bandits roaming about. An example
(Continued on page 12)



The seven Commissioners who requisitioned the calling of the High Council,
and Commissioner Hay, the President. (At the top): Commissioners Jeffries,
Simpson and Mapp. (Middle): Commissioners Wilson, Hay and Hoggard.
(Bottom): Commissioners Hurren and Lamb

rank. The call to prayer sounds forth for
us all therefore at this time. We must
pray our way through to victory—in-
dividually and as an Army.

Prayer will bring calmness to our
spirits, will enable us to view events
dispassionately and without prejudice,
will keep our minds centred on the
great purposes for which The Army
was brought into existence, will fill
our hearts with love for God and for
sin-stricken humanity, and give us re-
newed courage to "face the foes of all

the High Council, making it clear that
the members were only actuated by
desires for the ultimate good of The
Army.

He expressed regret at the Gen-
eral's action in going to law, but
stated his firm conviction that The
Army would not ultimately suffer
through this mistaken procedure, be-
cause there are indelible marks on the
Organization which stamp it with the
Divine approval. "All will be well be-
cause God is with us," stated the Col-
onel, "so do not be disturbed at the

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THE LAST "PARADE"

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF
Presides at the Funeral of Lt.-
Commissioner Haines

Unparalleled in Salvation Army history was the funeral of Lt.-Commissioner William J. Haines, the Managing Director of The Salvation Army Assurance Society, who was promoted to Glory at Sunbury, on Friday, January 18th.

The old Congress Hall at Clapton has been filled to overflowing on many occasions. There, in the arena, many well-known and loved warriors have lain in state at the close of their careers; but not even for our beloved Founder himself were present the Territorial Commanders of every country in which The Army Plag flies.

A deep sense of loss was the pre-dominant feeling. Mrs. Haines and the family had lost a beloved husband and father. The Assurance Society had lost a Managing Director, who was a capable and clever business man, but who, beyond all that, was a father to his people. He regarded the members of his staff as human beings who, to quote the words of the Chief of the Staff, who presided over the service, "were not so many machines who could reckon accounts and fill in ledgers; but looking upon them, the Commissioner ever said, 'What can they do to be of help in the main purpose of The Salvation Army, to bring men into the Kingdom of God?'" He looked upon them as channels to be used by God to His glory in the Salvation of the world.

"The Salvation Army has lost a man in the prime of life, a strong man, a brave man, a man who had the courage of his convictions, and one who has never stained himself, nor has been found anywhere but at the front of the battle. The world has lost a Christian, a gentleman, kind and kindly; one who was friendly to little children, tender to the aged, sympathetic to the poor, and a humble follower of the Master whom he loved."

The International Staff Band played sweetly as the sad procession entered the building, the members of the High Council following the coffin, and preceding the mourning relatives. Commissioner Hay's prayer was followed by the reading of a passage of Scripture by Commissioner Hurren. The Chief of the Staff's appreciation of the late Commissioner was touchingly received. Just below the speaker's platform the coffin rested, covered with masses of beautiful flowers. The sweet voices of the Assurance Songster Brigade poured out their message: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." The tense feeling

(Continued in col. 4, page 12)

YOUNG PEOPLE OF LONDON DIVISION

Spend a Day in Council with

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

SESSIONS OF GREAT INSPIRATIONAL VALUE AND SPIRITUAL BENEFIT—SIXTY-THREE SEEKERS AND FOURTEEN VOLUNTEERS FOR OFFICERSHIP

IT IS SAID that the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. Life stretches before the young as a fair panorama, and visions arise in their minds of what may be accomplished in the years to be. Earnest and thoughtful young people, desirous of making the best of their lives, apply themselves with diligence to the task of equipping mind, heart and

ization that they had bartered what was most precious for nothing at all.

It is with the object in view of guiding the Young People of The Army into right channels of ambition, and teaching them how they can make the most of their lives in a way pleasing to God that Young People's Councils are held.

In such gatherings those who are seriously endeavoring to pattern their lives according to God's will are helped, advised and encouraged and, beyond doubt, they mark down these days in their diaries as seasons when a distinct step forward was taken in their spiritual experience, when their mental outlook was enlarged and when their hearts were stirred with fresh visions of opportunities in the realm of service to God and man.

Those who may be inclined to frivolity of conduct and to careless ways of thinking are brought face to face with truths which it is good that they should know, and many are prevented from going in the ways of folly and brought over to the path, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Gratifying Results

There were many evidences that such were the gratifying results at the London Young People's Day conducted by the Chief Secretary, on Sunday, February 3rd.

The voiced opinions of Brigadier Burton, the Divisional Commander, and of Staff-Captain Wright, the Divisional Young People's Secretary, were that the Councils had been rich in inspirational value to the Young People who had gathered from nearly every Corps in the Division, and that the effect would be noticeable in increased service for God and greater interest in everything pertaining to His Kingdom.

The sixty-three Young People who came forward at the night session would doubtless all testify to the practical benefit the Councils had been to them in the way of gaining definite victories in their spiritual experience. Most of them came to the mercy-seat because they had become convinced that sins of the disposition such as ill-temper, pride, conceit, surliness, vanity, worldliness and other roots of bitterness which are apt to flare forth at times and cause much trouble, are equally as bad in God's sight as the grosser sins. With tears they confessed their faults and their failures, prayer was offered for them by Offi-

cers and Young People's Workers, and they were helped and blessed and went forth with the light of a new determination shining on their faces.

The fourteen who stood up in the afternoon session to offer themselves as Officers would, no doubt, likewise testify that they had afresh envisioned the world's need during the Councils and that the Holy Spirit had mightily convinced them that they were called to help meet that need in the dedication of their lives to the task of declaring the glorious Gospel of Christ.

Truly it was a day of blessing, help and encouragement to all the Young People who attended the Councils; and they will return to their Corps strengthened in the faith and with a greater love for God and souls.

When we come to analyse the means used in bringing about these results we must first of all comment on the splendid leadership given by the Chief Secretary, who directed the proceedings throughout the day. His addresses were deeply spiritual, holding the attention of his hearers from start to finish, stirring their holiest ambitions, warning them of dangers to be avoided if they would wage a successful warfare against evil, and full of practical counsel regarding making one's life tell for righteousness.

Mrs. Henry supported the Colonel throughout the day and her address in the final session was certainly a means of blessing and encouragement to young warriors for Christ, especially those who felt timid and backward. She related how God had used her, when she shrank from public effort, in bringing about a revival among the miners in a Tasmanian town. God is still seeking for fitting instruments whom He can use to His glory, "vessels unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use."

Walk in the Light

Colonel Aaby, the Territorial Young People's Secretary, had also much to do with the success of the day, directing the singing, contributing several solos, and conducting the Prayer meeting in the last session. He also gave a helpful address, urging the Young People to walk in the Light and follow Jesus.

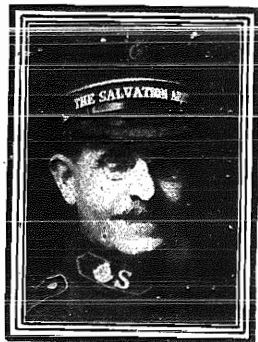
Lt.-Commissioner Hoe was present at one session and gave an inspiring talk on the importance of keeping in touch with God.

Other speakers who assisted in making the day of interest were Brigadier Church, Adjutant Ellery, Ensign Gage and Lieutenant Jennings.

The London I Band Octette should also be mentioned for helping in the ministry of song and the Home League for rendering willing service in catering for the physical needs of the Young People.

For the Saturday night Demonstration the No. 1 Citadel was packed

(Continued on page 13)

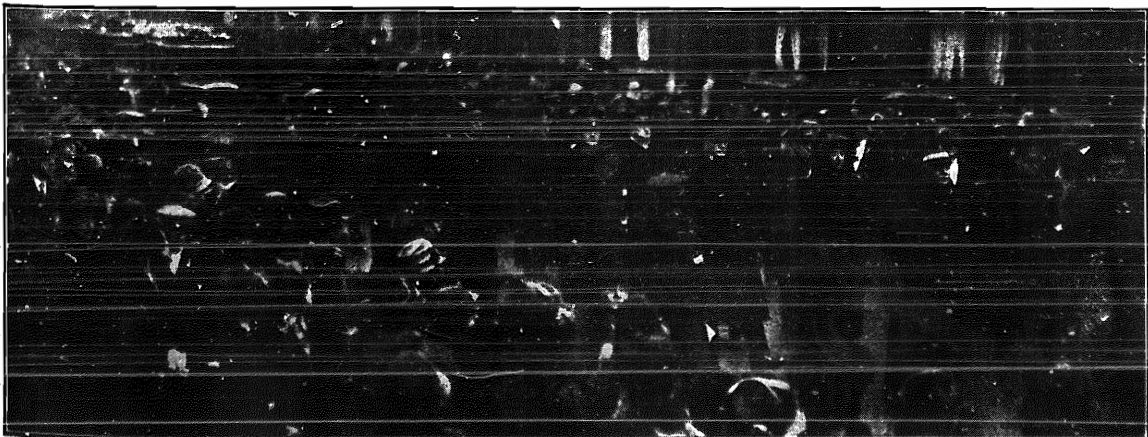


COLONEL ROBERT HENRY

body for the struggles ahead. For life is a fight, a constant battle against forces which strive to make us decadent, despondent and despairing. Those who are not properly armed to withstand the evil combination which launches its assaults against every soul—that helish trio known as the World, the Flesh and the Devil—go down in the conflict and the pages of our daily newspapers are a sad commentary on the tragedy of such defeated souls.

Threw Away Golden Chances

Possibly in the days of youth such were frivolous, light and thoughtless, caring little for the morrow, only intent on pleasing themselves and having what they considered a good time in the present. Little they recked of the grave issues hanging upon the proper use of their time and opportunities. Carelessly they threw away golden chances of self-improvement, of growth in wisdom and knowledge, of the broadening and deepening of their experience in Divine things—and awoke too late to the bitter real-



The last "Parade"—The remains of Lt.-Commissioner Haines being borne from the Clapton Congress Hall to their last resting place. The Chief of the Staff, with members of the High Council, are seen in the foreground



MONTREAL IV HOME LEAGUE PROGRESSING

The Annual Home League Tea at Montreal IV Corps was a real success. There was an attendance of twenty-five members. Our Divisional Home League Secretary, Mrs. Brigadier Burrows, was the guest of honor. After the tea a spiritual meeting was held which was fully enjoyed by all. The Divisional Home League Secretary gave us an uplifting and encouraging talk which proved most helpful.

The Home League has lately been reorganized. God is blessing us in our work, and we are going forward.

—L. A.

RHODES AVENUE HOME LEAGUE ANNUAL

Tuesday, January 29th, was a day looked forward to by the Rhodes Avenue Home League members, this being the date of the annual tea. Major and Mrs. Ritchie, and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ritchie were the guests of the evening. A very dainty repast was arranged by Home League Secretary Sister Mrs. Rushton and the members. After tea, a spicy program was enjoyed, arranged by Sister Mrs. Welsh. Major Ritchie presided and helped to make the evening a very happy one. Mrs. Major Ritchie spoke, reminding the members how valuable they were to the Corps, and urging them to do all to the glory of God. Mrs. Staff-Captain Ritchie also spoke helpfully. Mrs. Ensign Bond read a very encouraging report for 1923, and also thanked the members for their work, expressing hopes for a still better record in 1923.

HAND THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR "THE WAR CRY"



SETTLED OUT OF COURT

A young couple who had become estranged from each other found themselves in very unpleasant circumstances. The matter was taken before the law courts, but the magistrate, realizing that punishment by the heavy limb of the law would not be the best in this particular case, called upon a Salvation Army Officer who was sitting in court to take both parties outside and try to effect a reconciliation.

The Officer not only dealt with them from a point of law and their matrimonial vows, but brought forcibly to their hearts the awfulness of sin, which had caused their trouble and pain. The desired end was secured, and the couple are now happy together.—Australia South "War Cry."

The Women's Realm

A Chat With Home Leaguers

"THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR" TRIED, TESTED, AND TASTY RECIPES

OUR RESPONSIBILITY

"YEARS ago, when I was but a young wife myself," writes the mother of a well-known Staff-Officer, "I was the recipient of a kindness which I have never forgotten and one which has made me ever anxious to serve my neighbors in every way possible, for only thus, it seems to me, can I pay off any part of the great debt which I owe to 'the woman next door.'"

"At that time I did not know her name. I had only newly arrived from a distant part of the country, and was feeling strange. I had not begun to know anybody in the town, when my baby girl was taken seriously ill, and, within a few hours, she lay lifeless in my arms."

"My mind seemed to go blank at that point. I neither knew nor cared what happened. The doctor said the funeral must take place quickly, for the authorities feared an epidemic. I sat in the house with my sorrow, accompanied by my little boy, but a baby himself—my husband had his work to attend to."

A God-Send

"Calmly thinking over the matter since, I have often imagined that my neighbors must have thought me strange. And I must have many times thanked God for the love of 'the woman next door.' She it was who stole into the house, who quietly appeared at my side, who, by means of a few tender questions, found out all that it was necessary to know, and who then went to work."

"She it was who provided white blinds for the windows, who arranged for the funeral, who lent me her own mourning, and did the hundred and one things which belong to the burial

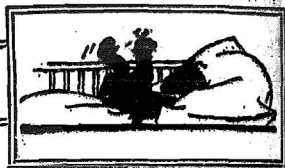
of the dead. Thereafter she nursed and comforted me until my mind became normal and I could take up the daily duties."

"Then, one day, when I asked her why she had been so kind to one who was a stranger to her, she told me that, just a month before I had come to live in the town, she had lost her only child, and it was the sad experience which she had then acquired which she had been able to put to such good account on my behalf. She was a very God-send to me."

Over the Garden Wall

"Out of the short friendship which followed ere I left that district, there came this further happy issue—that my neighbor also came to know God, to whom I turned in my deep sorrow. I don't know where she is to-day, but I always think of her with tender remembrance, and a renewed prompting to help another for her sake."

"Here and there I have seen neighbors do harm to each other, and many a home has been made unhappy by gossip 'over the garden wall.' On the other hand, I have known more than one family to be won for God by careful and loving words passed across the fence by a wise woman awake to the opportunity to serve God and her neighbors. Why should not every one of us determine, God helping us, to win our unconverted neighbors for the Saviour? We surely cannot be content to know that our husbands, girls, and boys are going to Heaven without making some effort to get 'the woman next door' to go also. If we win her there will be a happy prospect of winning her family as well."



OAT CAKES

Put two and a half handfuls of the oatmeal in a bowl, with a teaspoonful of sugar and a little salt. Pour over this a quarter-pint of boiling water in which an ounce of butter or dripping has been melted. Mix well with a spoon, and then turn out on board and knead with the hands into a soft mass. Knead nicely round edges with finger and thumb. Cut in four. Have the griddle nice and hot, bring it to the edge of the board, and slip the cakes onto it. Fry on one side until the edges begin to curl up, then toast the other side in front of the fire. An hour or two in a moderately hot oven makes them nice and dry and crisp.

OATMEAL BISCUITS

Ten ounces oatmeal, ten ounces flour, quarter-pound sugar, quarter-pound butter or dripping, one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, one egg, a little salt. Mix with milk, roll out thin, and cut into biscuits.

IRISH STEW

3 lbs. of neck of mutton, 5 lbs. potatoes 5 large onions, pepper, and salt to taste, rather more than one pint of water. Trim off some of the fat, and cut the meat into chops of moderate thickness. Pare and halve the potatoes. Cut the onions into thick slices. Put a layer of potatoes at the bottom of a stewpan, then a layer of mutton and onions, and season with pepper and salt. Proceed in this manner until the stewpan is full, taking care to leave plenty of vegetables at the top. Pour in the water, and let it stew gently for two hours. Use a gas stove for perfect cooking.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Finger nails that are inclined to be brittle should be soaked occasionally in olive oil.

Blacklead marks can be removed from carpets if a paste is made of Fuller's earth with water and a little ammonia, and left on the marks for some hours. Then brush off briskly.

Zinc.—Rub the articles with a cotton cloth dipped in kerosene. When the zinc has been well rubbed, dry with a clean cloth of the same material.

Stale bread is excellent for cleaning light-colored suede gloves.

Suede leather articles can be cleaned by rubbing them gently with fine sandpaper. This raises the nap and restores the original appearance of the leather.

Short Stories from our Contemporaries

FROM MOHAMMED TO CHRIST

A well-dressed young man of Indian stamp approached an Officer at Headquarters, saying he desired to become a Christian. He stated that he had failed to find satisfaction in the Mohammedan religion, and wanted to embrace Christianity. The Officer had an earnest talk with him, then, knowing Colonel Rauch, on account of his sojourn in India, to be in a position to deal with an Easterner, he sent for him. The three knelt together and the two Officers were enabled to lead the seeker to Christ.—South African "War Cry."

CONVICTED AND CONVERTED

During a ten-day engagement of a Cadet Brigade a man was convicted of sin at one of the night meetings. The next afternoon as the Cadets were busy about the Hall, the man dismounted from the seat of an automobile truck and entered the building, telling them of his condition and asking for prayer. The Cadets prayed with him, and before he left, the man testified to victory in his soul.—U.S. Central "War Cry."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVICE

I imagine this is a story that our American comrades have heard again and again, but here is a tale of General Sherman I have never heard before, although I have known for years that he never minced his words. It was Sherman, you remember, who first gave the crisp definition ever given of war, "War is hell."

Once, to tell the new tale of his outspokenness that has come my way, he was in conversation with a young man of the "knut" variety, who said, "N v, General, what would you do if you were I?"

"I'll tell you what I'd do," said the famous plain-speaker, "I'd throw away that vile cigarette, ut up my cane for firewood, wear my watch-chain underneath my coat, and stay at home at night and pray for brains."

Which answer makes one wish that similar opportunities for speaking plainly came one's way, for both you and I know folks to whom we would delight to give the obviously necessary counsel implied in the General's reply.—Canada West "War Cry."

HOME LEAGUE COMING EVENTS

Toronto West Division

FAIRBANK—Mrs. Colonel Knorr, Wed. Feb. 12th, 2.30 p.m.
LISAG—Mrs. E. E. Ensign, Thurs. Feb. 28th, 2.30 p.m.
WYCHWOOD—Mrs. Major Sparks, Wed. Feb. 12th, 2.30 p.m.

TEMPLE—Mrs. Staff-Captain Ham, Tues., Feb. 13th, 8.00 p.m.

Toronto East Division

BEDFORD PARK—Mrs. Captain Ashby, Thurs., Feb. 28th, 2.30 p.m.
BYNG AVE.—Mrs. Ensign Keith, Thurs., Feb. 28th, 2.30 p.m.
DANFORTH—Mrs. Major Bristol, Thurs., Feb. 28th, 2.30 p.m.
EAST YORKE—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Saunders, Thurs., Feb. 14th, 2.30 p.m.
GREENWOOD—Mrs. Brigadier Black, Thurs., Feb. 28th, 2.30 p.m.
RHOADES AVENUE—Mrs. Ensign Tiffin, Tues., Feb. 26th, 2.30 p.m.
RIVERSDALE—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Moore, Thurs., Feb. 28th, 2.30 p.m.
TODMORDEN—Mrs. Major McKillop, Thurs., Feb. 28th, 2.30 p.m.
WOODBINE—Mrs. Staff-Captain Ritchie, Thurs., Feb. 14th, 2.30 p.m.
YORKVILLE—Mrs. Colonel Henry, Thurs., Feb. 28th, 2.30 p.m.

Our Musical Fraternity



Musical Memoranda

By Lt.-Colonel F. S. Hawkes, Head of the Music Editorial Department

BAND AND BRIGADE CHAT

Ensign Harding, of Byng Avenue (Toronto) Corps, is anxious to obtain a big drum for her little Corps. Will some big Corps which has enough and to spare, send her one along? Now then, Ensign, look out for a shower of drums!

Changes have recently been made in the London I Band, owing to the transfer, to Windsor, of Bandmaster Charles Woods, who goes to an executive position with the London Life Assurance Co. Deputy-Bandmaster J. Coups has been appointed Bandmaster, and Bandman Glen Shepherd is the new Deputy. Another new local is Band-Sergeant Bright.

Bandman T. Mackenzie, son of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Mackenzie, has strengthened the flugel horn section of Montreal I Band. We are glad to report that Brother T. Elliott, father of Bandman A. Elliott, who recently lost his leg, is making good progress, and expects to leave hospital in a few days.

Bandman-Mempstead, of London has been "in dock" for some weeks undergoing treatment for an injury to his leg.

ENTERPRISE REWARDED AT EARLS COURT

Earls Court's Band Locals are a "real army" combination. Apart from being splendid, hard-working Salvationists, they possess that very valuable asset, Enterprise. It breaks out in many places, in the arrangement of their Sunday afternoon musical services held on the first Sunday of every month, for instance. Not only do these events pack the Earls Court Hall to the doors, but the audience is sent away feeling it has had a good fill of cheer and uplift.

Sunday last was such an occasion. Lt.-Colonel Saunders, who was the special visitor, and he presided in a manner which banished that "afternoon" feeling, and held interest to the end. In place of the usual ten minutes' address, the Colonel essayed the task of answering eight questions of interest to all Salvationists: questions such as, "Why does the Army not administer the sacraments?" and "Why are women Salvationists?" and "How can we help?" The Band gave "Homeward Journey," a march played with rare snap. The performers are a never-failing source of interest to the army. There are certainly splendid time-keepers, and a real asset.

The Songster Brigade joined in the afternoon's praise-offering, singing with heart and voice in delightfully joyous style. The Band's Octette, Fairy, excelled itself. The homely truths done up in the bright, attractive wrappings, "got home."

The "Musical Memoranda," which are to appear on this page, are in the form of open letters written in answer to questions raised by enquirers. These articles have been specially contributed to the Canada East "War Cry" by the Colonel, and it goes without saying, will be found very valuable to our musical fraternity.

No. 4—ARTICULATION

I FULLY AGREE with your remark that a correct method of articulation is one of the most important fundamentals in regard to the playing of a brass instrument, and I am glad to know you are making a special study of this subject. Books on this technical matter are hard to find, and as such articles as have been published are scattered about in different issues of various periodicals, it is difficult to get hold of these in anything like a practical form.

Up to the present, brass band literature is of a very scattered and fragmentary nature. Apart from tutors, very few books have been issued on what may be termed the higher or more advanced aspects of technical matters associated with the playing of brass instruments. Possibly this is due to the demand being so small, for, it must be confessed, that Bandmen, as a rule, are not of a specially studious nature. At least that has been my experience.

Many appear to be satisfied with the acquirement of just sufficient knowledge to enable them to merely read and play their part. Here and there one comes across a keen enthusiast with ambition to excel and these, like yourself, use every opportunity of acquiring knowledge from books, and if these are not available, by writing to friends for information upon various topics, theoretical and practical. This class of musician are not satisfied to merely "carry on"; they desire to improve themselves and also to advance the cause in every possible way.

I must, however, leave these preliminary observations and try and give you some little help on the point you raise.

Precise and Decisive

To begin with, the action of the tongue must be precise and decisive. There can never be clearness of tone unless the tongue is trained to articulate in a smart, decisive manner. This, being right at the basis of proper tone production, cannot possibly be over-emphasized.

The above statement is equally true in regard to ordinary speaking. One's pleasure in listening to a public speaker very largely depends upon the manner of his delivery. If he splutters, mutters or mumbles, speaks indistinctly or lacks clearness of utterance in any way, listening becomes irritating, and possibly painful. No matter how interesting the subject or how capably he may handle it, both pleasure and profit are lost if there are impediments, or the delivery be wanting in clearness.

The same disadvantage is experienced when listening to a singer who fails to articulate the words clearly. The quality of the voice, may be pleasing and the music delightful, but this accounts for little if the message of the song is not clearly caught.

By these analogies we see how important it is that the tongue, also the lips and facial muscles used in the production of various sounds, should

be used in a smart, decisive manner. This remark as regards speaking may appear so obvious a nature as to be unnecessary, and yet if one listens critically to speakers and singers it is really surprising how few are perfect in the matter of enunciation and articulation. Whether this be due to want of training or to inertia the result, in any case, is regrettable.

An Unruly Member

Dr. Coward, the eminent choir trainer and conductor, says: "It may be taken as an axiom that every muscle in the body is afflicted with the infirmity of inertia, and none more than the muscles of the mouth, tongue, lips and cheeks. When any of our muscles have acquired certain habits in the course of years, they rebel against the slightest disturbance of those habits."

Most of us will readily acknowledge from personal experience the truth of the above statement. The tongue is truly an "unruly member" and difficult to bring under control. But this must be done before one can be termed a really competent player on a brass instrument.

There are, of course, various ways in which it should be employed, but the straight, or direct, method may be said to form the basis of articulation, and this method should be practised assiduously until one is able to control the movement of the tongue both as to rapidity and power. But it is word—without the action—correct. To do so would be to develop and establish faulty habits of articulation. This is far too common among us.

(To be continued)

PARTS ON TOP OF THE PLAYERS!

"I would like to endorse the words of Bandmaster Doe," says Bandmaster Roberts in the "Bandman and Songster," who, in an article which appeared recently in Our Own, spoke of the value of the Second Series music. I, too, have lately discovered the real worth of this class of music. Not having played or heard any of the Second Series pieces until a few weeks ago, I was amazed at what I heard when our Band played the "Sword and Shield" march up the main street the other Sunday night.

I feel sure there are many Bandmasters who refrain from using this series through a sense of false pride. They appear to think that it would be "letting down the Band," whereas the greater consideration should be—what is coming through the bells of the instruments? Whether it be a Festival Overture or Second Series Journal being played, it is the quality of the playing that must count. It is far better to hear Bandmen playing right on top of their parts than be conscious that the parts are on top of the men!

Bandmasters, prove the worth of the Second Series music for yourselves.

MONTREAL MUSICAL FORCES LEAD WEEK-END MEETINGS

The musical forces of the Corps were responsible for last week-end meetings. The Songsters' efforts on Saturday night assured well the success of the following gatherings. The Brigade, under Songster-Leader MacMillan, gave some very interesting items, and the members were cheered when a surrender was made at the close of the meeting.

Sunday was a cold day, but the Band turned out in full force, and an Open-Air preceded each indoor gathering. Instruments could not be used outside, but a goodly number of men were on hand, and some hearty singing and testimonies were given. Bandmaster Goodier piloted both Sunday morning and evening services, and Deputy-Bandmaster C. Hutchell was responsible for the afternoon.

The Holiness meeting was permeated with a deep spiritual tone, and the Songsters' address on the Blood of Christ and His wonderful power, and how Christ in all His beauty will enter a heart that has been thoroughly cleansed by it, was helpful to all. Testimonies were given by a number of Bandmen. A most interesting feature of the night meeting, Bandman P. Knights gave a forceful address, and the singing by the Band's Male Voice Party created a deep impression.

Music was very prominent in the afternoon, and the Band gave of its best. Bandman C. Goodale, a Band veteran, read the Bible portion.

As a good meal, on Monday evening, the second of a series of Walter P. Feal's talks to be given, was held, called "A night with the Great Masters." The Hall was filled, and the Band rose to a high level of playing. Brigadier Byrrows acted as chairman, and was ably supported by commandant Gillingham. Each item was well received. Mention might be made of Mr. J. Goodier, brother of the Bandmaster, who read the address on the Blood of Christ, and Adjutant Keith, whose reading on the Great Masters added considerably to the interest of the evening.

New Aberdeen Band

On January 18th, we celebrated our second anniversary service. Bandmaster Robert took charge. After partaking of a hearty repast, a program was rendered, over which the Rev. Mr. Stone presided.

Among the speakers of the evening were Ensign Mercer, the Corps Officer, Bandmaster Shobart and Brother Bond. Band-Secretary Furrows read an interesting report of the year's activities. Ten instruments have been purchased, there are five players in the Band League members, and the Band at present numbers fifteen players.

St. John I Musical Forces Assist No. IV

On Wednesday evening the St. John I Band and Songsters, under the direction of Ensign Ellis and Sergeant Brierton respectively, gave a musical Festival in No. IV Hall. A good crowd gathered and an excellent program was rendered.

The Chairman was the Divisional Commander, Brigadier Knight, who ably piloted the proceedings. The proceeds are to be used to purchase new chairs for the Senior Hall.

WOMAN BOMBARDON PLAYER

The following interesting paragraph is taken from a letter written by Colonel Souter, of West Africa:

"Ebute Metta Corps is moving, and although they have only a cottage to hold their meetings in, souls are getting saved. The Captain has doubled his sales of 'The War Cry.' The Brass Band is improving in its playing. Mrs. Captain Fashina has joined the Band and plays the Eb bombardon, which is a great attraction. I believe she is the first West African woman to play a brass instrument, and it is a great surprise to all when she appears in public for the first time. The people shout and clapped and got quite excited."

"It really needed courage to break through native customs and do as she did. All were delighted! She has blazed the trail for women in Africa."

Musicians of Brantford

On a recent Wednesday night the Brantford Band held its annual Band League Tea, at which were assembled Band League members, as well as a very enjoyable evening was spent with their wives. A very enjoyable evening was spent with their wives. A week later, a united program was given by the Band and Songsters, over which Brigadier Macdonald presided, supported by Field-Major and Mrs. Macdonald. During the evening the Band presented the Band with three new instruments. The instruments were a new Trumpet, a new Trombone and a new Euphonium. Each of the recipients of the instruments was called upon to play the solo on the property was not the least interesting, the old favorite, "March in the ranks of the deep," being selected.

Book this Date
MUSICAL FESTIVAL
In the West Toronto Citadel,
248 Keele Street.
By the West Toronto Songster Brigade
Saturday, Feb. 23rd, at 8 p.m.
Tickets—15 cents



News from NEWFOUNDLAND



SOULS IN EVERY MEETING

An awakening has been experienced at Carter's Cove, and the revival fire still continues to burn. Crowds of people attend the services and souls are being saved in every meeting. On a recent Sunday evening, during the singing of the second song, one man, a backslider for years, came back to the fold. He was followed by five others. The Young People's Work is making progress under the efficient leadership of Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. J. Burt. Lieutenant Piercy is in charge here.—S.P.

Two Prodigsals Return

CARBONEAR (Ensign and Mrs. Hewitt, Captain Bonfield)—We are glad to report victory. Last Sunday, two prodigsals returned to the fold. We are praying for a great break in the enemy's ranks.—C.C. D. Butt.

All-Round Progress

LONG POND (Captains Peters and Benson)—God is blessing our efforts here. A demonstration given recently proved splendidly successful. There was a very large attendance, good attention was given, and the program was much enjoyed. A few nights afterwards it was repeated at Topsail. Altogether this Demonstration brought us the sum of \$90. A new Citadel is now under consideration, and the comrades are full of faith for its erection. The Quarters has been fitted up nicely, and every branch of the work is progressing. Souls are being saved and one promising young girl has applied for Officership.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND, Nfld. (Captain G. Skiffington)—On Sunday, last we welcomed Captain G. Skiffington, who comes to us from Harbor Grace. Since his arrival the Captain has got the friends together and a new Hall has been started, which we believe will be a success. We are praying that God will pour out His Spirit upon us.

HALF-NIGHTS OF PRAYER

(Continued from page 8)

of their awful cruelty and disregard for human life was given which made many in the audience utter exclamations of horror.

Fervent prayer was offered for all the objects mentioned by the various speakers and it was very evident that the presence of God was mightily felt.

The closing message of the Chief Secretary, based on a portion of Scripture which he read, was a tender appeal to backsliders and lukewarm professors of religion to turn to God wholeheartedly and become zealous, earnest and true followers of Christ and fighters for souls.

"Christ can do more with ten real, enthusiastic, fiery, loyal hearts than with ten thousand wishy-washy, empty, frivolous, lukewarm people," he declared. "It is moral and spiritual earnestness that keeps a man right when the storms blow," he further said, and then concluded by inviting to the mercy-seat any who were convicted of their need.

It was a beautiful and fitting climax to such a gathering when three comrades voluntarily came forward to kneel at the Altar and re-consecrate their lives to the service of God.

Prayer was the lodestone which attracted a large audience to the

SUB-TERRITORIAL
COMMANDER—Lieut.-Colonel Dickerson

SPRINGDALE STREET,
ST. JOHN'S

In the Heavenly Land

SISTER MRS. R. BRADBURY,

Bay Roberts

Another of the "Old Guard" of the Bay Roberts Corps has been Called Home in the person of Sister Mrs. Robert Bradbury. Our comrade was one of the oldest Soldiers of the Corps and has, through thick and thin, gone steadily forward, performing the duties which devolved upon her, irrespective of circumstances, until sickness laid it hand upon her.

Her clear and definite testimony will long be remembered by those who have been in the habit of attending the meetings at the Citadel and the influence of her Godly life still lives and shall continue to live in the hearts and lives of those who knew her, especially the members of her own family.

Our veteran Sister was laid to rest with Army honors, a large crowd of citizens attending the funeral to pay their last respects to one whose life was an asset to the town.

A memorial service was held on the following Sunday night when a number of the comrades gave testimony to the influence Mrs. Bradbury's life and work had been. The first to speak was her only son, who spoke with great feeling of respect and affection for both his father and mother. His father, who was one of the oldest soldiers of the Corps, passed to his reward about six months ago.

Sister Mrs. Bradbury's daughter, Mrs. Badcock, at whose home Mrs. Bradbury passed away, also spoke of

the great influence her mother's life had had upon her.

The Corps Officer, Commandant Ebsary, in his address, emphasized the fact that Mrs. Bradbury was faithful unto death and had gone to receive her Crown. He urged all who loved God to live faithful lives, also pointing out the unconverted the importance of being prepared for death.

The Commandant visited Mrs. Bradbury during her illness and always found her cheerful and with the definite assurance that all was well.

The sympathy of the community is with the family.—B.

SISTER STELLA BAKER,

Grand Falls

Death has again come to the home of Bandsman and Mrs. Baker. Just over eight months ago the family circle was broken by the loss of their little daughter, Ruth, and now a sudden Call has taken from them their oldest daughter, Stella. Taken ill on the Friday, her spirit took its flight on Sunday to the Great Beyond. Our young comrade was a member of the Life-Saving Guards and also attended the Bible class.

The Funeral service was conducted by Commandant Marsh, assisted by Lieutenant Downey, a very large crowd attending. The Memorial service was held the following Sunday night and made a deep impression. Nine souls found Christ.

We pray that God shall comfort the parents in this hour of sad loss.—H. G. Thomas, Corps Corres.

age. The Colonel also made a strong appeal for Candidates.

Our musical forces—the Bands and Songster Brigades, particularly—formed Major Ritchie's absorbing topic and one in which the speaker fittingly eulogized the "splendid self-sacrifice, loyalty and unstinted offering of their talent."

Generous and kindly sentiments were expressed in petitions for these comrades and it is noteworthy that the Bandsmen's wives were tenderly remembered.

A retired Officer,—Brigadier Macnamara—voiced in splendid fashion, the needs of the Women's Social workers. Respectable Toronto, she declared, has an underworld, and a sordid one at that. But the Army, has, and still is, carrying on its work of love and sympathy and despite the discouragement of such work has rejoiced to find the bread cast upon the waters return even "after many days."

A responsive chord was struck by Colonel Hargrave, whose topic was "Our Missionary Officers." His words concerning the trail blazers of our missionary work and their devoted toils were inspirational.

The present Army crisis was dealt with, in reassuring terms, by the Chief Secretary, who concluded the gathering with a forceful Scriptural address.

The Yorkville Band and Songsters, under Bandmaster Badley and Songster-Leader Graham, contributed helpful musical items. Mrs. Colonel Henry and Lt.-Colonel Jennings also assisted.

SISTER ELIZABETH PEACH Arnold's Cove

Death visited our community on January 11th, and has taken away one of our comrades, Sister Elizabeth Peach. She was very patient in her sickness and always had a cheering word to give. Five minutes before she died she asked her father to pray, and assured him that all was well. It was our comrade's birthday. She was just twenty-one.

The Funeral service was conducted by Captain A. Strickland. A large congregation assembled to pay their last respects to the departed comrade. May God sustain Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Peach in their hour of bereavement. The Memorial service was held at night, when different comrades spoke on the life of our departed sister.

THE LAST "PARADE"

(Continued from page 9)

relaxed, tears began to fall, and then Ensign Winnie Haines, of Germany, daughter of the late Commissioner, spoke. "We have lost a most beautiful father. He was a pal to every one of us. Nothing was too small for him. He was concerned with all that concerned us. He enjoyed life to the full. I am sure he would be the last one who would want any one to be sad to-day. He was so thoughtful, even in the smallest things. He was so courteous. He was so brave. He tackled the hardest job, and he was never afraid. When we looked at him yesterday for the last time, we felt he was every inch a soldier, loyal and true. He died in the firing-line, and he has gone to meet his King."

"He Died at His Post"

"He died at his post," sobbed Lt. Commissioner Maxwell. Commissioner Carleton, a veteran of over eighty years, also spoke of happy associations with the late Commissioner. His words were followed by a touching testimony to his father's life by his son, in the words, "I cannot do better than to endeavor to live up to his splendid example."

The last speaker was Commandant Eva Booth. Always eloquent and appealing, she carried her audience with her as she traced the passage of the warrior from earth to a glorious entry through the gates of the New Jerusalem. The full text of the Commander's address appeared in last week's "War Cry."

A procession of over 2,500 people accompanied the cortege to Abbot Park Cemetery, where, in close proximity to the grave of our beloved Founder, whose centenary we are celebrating, and by other Army warriors whose mortal remains have been placed there, this gallant soldier was laid to rest. A short service at the graveside, where Lt. Commissioner Gundersen's prayer and Commissioner Mitchell's words of affectionate appreciation preceded the committal service.

"We shall leave the mortal remains of the Commissioner behind in this grave," said the Chief, "we are going back to the task which he dedicated his life with, another song of victory!"

A song, the "Last Post," the last task was done—the warrior had reached his earthly resting-place—the Morning dawns.

COMING EVENTS

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Chatham — Sat., Sun., Feb. 16-17
Opening of new Citadel).
Montreal — Sat., Sun., Feb. 23-24.
Young People's Councils.)
St. Catharines—Sat.-Sun., March 2-
(Corps Anniversary.)

COLONEL ADBY: Montreal, Sat.-Sun.,
Feb. 23-24 (Young People's Councils);
Toronto East, Sun., March 3 (Young
People's Councils); Toronto West,
Sun., March 10 (Young People's Coun-
cils); Chatham, Sat.-Sun., Feb. 16-17.

COLONEL HARGRAVE: Chatham, Sat.-
Sun., Feb. 16-17; Hamilton I, Sun.,
Feb. 24.

COLONEL TAYLOR: *North Toronto,
Fri., Feb. 22; Toronto East, Sun.,
March 3 (Young People's Councils).
*Mrs. Taylor accompanies.

T.-COLONEL JENNINGS: Rhodes
Avenue, Fri., Feb. 22.

BRIGADIER BURROWS: Verdun, Sun.-
Mon., Feb. 17-18; Montreal I, Wed. and
Sat., Feb. 20 and 23; and Sun., Feb.
24 (Young People's Councils).

BRIGADIER KNIGHT: Sydney, Sat.-Sun.,
Feb. 16-17; Whitney Pier, Thurs., Feb.
21; North Sydney, Sun.-Mon., Feb. 23-
24; Sydney Mines, Tues., Feb. 25;
New Aberdeen, Thurs., Feb. 28.

BRIGADIER MACDONALD: Barrie:
Thurs., Feb. 14; Hamilton III, Fri.,
Feb. 15; Hespeler, Sat.-Sun., Feb. 16;
Kitchener, Sun., Feb. 17; Hamilton
III, Tues., Feb. 19; Hamilton IV, Fri.,
Feb. 22; Guelph, Sat.-Sun., Feb. 23-
24; Pergus, Mon., Feb. 25.

MRS. MAJOR BRISTOW: Danforth, Fri.,
Feb. 22; Greenwood, Sun., Feb. 24.

MAJOR CAMERON: St. John III,
Fri., Feb. 15; Fredericton, Sat.-
Mon., Feb. 16-18; St. John IV, Fri.,
Feb. 22; St. John III, Sun., Feb. 24.

MAJOR KENDALL: Tillsonburg, Tues.,
Sun., Feb. 12-17; St. Thomas, Mon.-
Mon., Feb. 18-25; Woodstock, Sat.-
Mon., March 2-11; Stratford, Sat.-
Mon., March 16-25.

MAJOR McELHINEY: Windsor I, Sat.-
Mon., March 2-4.

MAJOR OWEN: Cobalt, Fri., Feb. 15;
Timmins, Sat.-Sun., Feb. 16-17; Cochrane,
Mon., Feb. 18; Kirkland Lake,
Tues., Feb. 19; New Liskeard, Sat.
Sun., Feb. 23-24; Halleybury, Mon.,
Feb. 25.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Rhodes Avenue, Fri.,
Feb. 15; Greenwood, Sun., Feb. 17;
North Toronto, Fri., Feb. 22; Parliam-
ent Street, Sun., Feb. 24.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. COLES:
Lisgar Street, Sun., Mon., March 17-18.

STAFF-CAPTAIN HAM: Danforth, Fri.,
Feb. 15.

STAFF-CAPTAIN PORTER: Riverdale,
Wed., Feb. 27.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHES: Hamilton
III, Fri., Feb. 15; Hespeler, Sat.-Sun.,
Feb. 16-17; Hamilton III, Mon.-Tues.,
Feb. 18-19; Hamilton IV, Fri., Feb. 22;
Brantford, Sat.-Sun., Feb. 23-24.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RITCHIE: Danforth,
Fri., Feb. 15; Fenelon Falls, Sat.-Sun.,
Feb. 16-17; Rhodes Avenue, Fri., Feb.
22; Lindsay Sat.-Sun., Feb. 23-24.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SNOWDEN: Mon-
treal I, Sat.-Sun., March 16-17.

STAFF-CAPTAIN URSAKI: St. John
III, Fri., Feb. 15; Fredericton, Sat.-
Mon., Feb. 16-18; St. John IV, Fri.,
Feb. 22; Amherst, Sat., Feb. 23;
Amherst and Dorchester, Sun., Feb.
24; St. John IV, Wed., Feb. 27.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WILSON: Montreal,
Sat.-Sun., Feb. 23-24 (Young People's
Councils); Toronto East, Sun., March 3
(Young People's Councils); Toronto
West, Sun., March 10 (Young People's
Councils).

ON WITH THE SIEGE!

LITTLE GIRL LEADS HER FATHER AND THEN HER BROTHER TO MERCY-SEAT

OWEN SOUND (Ensign and Mrs. Gage)—It was my privilege to visit this Corps for last week-end. It was certainly an inspiration to meet the old warriors, such as Brother Williams, the oldest Soldier of the Corps, still alert and fighting for the Master; Sergeant-Major Johnson, another veteran enjoying the old-time fire of enthusiasm; Sister Mrs. Crocker, aged seventy-eight, who in her younger days gave many years to The Army as an Officer; also Sister Mrs. Martin, who was an Officer in England in the early days of The Army; Envoy Brooks and his wife and family, and many others are real stand-bys, ready to draw the sword in the Master's service.

This Corps was in the early days one of the most flourishing in the Dominion, they have a magnificent Hall, the needs of both the Seniors and Young People being well-looked after.

The week-end meetings were well attended, the Band, under Bandmaster Hies, turned up to all Open-air and indoor meetings, and played well. The whole of the afternoon was given up to the Young People. The Senior Band attended in full, and played while the songs were being sung, then gathered as a Bible Class, under the direction of Bandman James, who, by the way, has two daughters and a son playing instruments in the Band.

Being Decison Sunday it was a great pleasure to speak to the Young People. One hundred and five were present, and five boys knelt at the mercy-seat seeking the Saviour.

Great credit is due Y.P.S.M. James for his untiring efforts which have brought the Young People's Work to such a stage of proficiency. At night a good congregation listened

HALF-NIGHT OF PRAYER AT RHODES AVENUE FOUR AT THE CROSS

The Corps in the farthest eastern section of Toronto united in the Rhodes Avenue Citadel on Friday, February 1st, for a Half-night of Prayer, conducted by Major McElhiney, assisted by Staff-Captain Ritchie, and a number of Field Officers. East Toronto Corps Band was present, and their presence was much appreciated. The gathering was well attended, and was not long in entering into the spirit of prayer. Major Mrs. MacGillivray prayed for an out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, and a deep desire was created to bring our needs to God.

Major McElhiney called their attention to the example set forth by the Master of spending all night in prayer, and emphasized the fact that prayer is a real art to be acquired only by practice. This would lead to the exercise of compassion for the sinners and backsliders.

The Major did not spare himself, and sought again and again to bring home the truth that prayer changes things, so that when he gave the invitation to all who needed God to help them, one young woman and three men volunteered to the mercy-seat. It was a splendid finish to what one felt was a real family gathering around the Altar of Prayer. — Jay Are.

attentively to the message. The climax was reached when a little girl of four years wept with her brother, a young man, until both came to the mercy-seat, where he gave his heart to God. This same little Junior led her father out in the same way in a previous meeting. Ensign and Mrs. Gage are putting in lots of hard work which surely will bring good results.

Young People of London Division

(Continued from page 9)

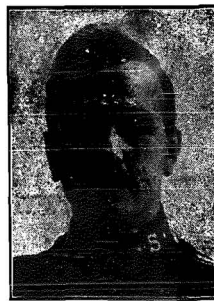
to its utmost capacity. The Chief Secretary presided and expressed his pleasure at the gratifying growth of the Young People's work in the Division. This was reflected in the various items presented, which included drills, songs, dialogues, a tableau and other features showing the training Young People in The Army.

The Life-Saving Guards figured largely, the united Troops singing "O Canada," the St. Thomas Troop giving a Japanese Drill, the London I Troop a hoop drill, and the Woodstock Troop presenting a tableau entitled "The Old Rugged Cross."

The Life-Saving Scouts were also well represented, the London I Troop giving a splendid exhibition of physical training by their building of living "pyramids," and the St. Thomas Bugle and Drum Octette making a very noisy contribution to the program.

The Singing Companies of the London II and III Corps did very well, and the No. 1 Picture Class gave a dialogue entitled "The sleeping beauty." The London III Corps put on an amusing item entitled "The mousetrap," the London IV Corps gave a wand drill; Mary Campbell, of Lon-

don II gave a recitation and Guard Instructor Judge, of London I, gave a pianoforte solo.



Staff-Captain Wright, Young People's Secretary for London Division

The whole program was evidently much enjoyed by the large crowd present and the Young People who took part, also those who trained them, are to be congratulated.

The Commissioner's Appointments

TORONTO EAST YOUNG PEOPLE'S COUNCILS—Sunday, March 3rd.

TORONTO WEST YOUNG PEOPLE'S COUNCILS—Sunday, March 10th.

Mrs. Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell

MONTREAL I—Friday, February 15th. (United Holiness Meeting).
VERDUN—Sunday, February 17th. (Morning and Night).



TERRITORIAL PARS

Staff-Captain Ben Bourne, from Regina, who is Subscribers' Secretary for the Province of Saskatchewan, was a recent visitor to Territorial Headquarters. He has come to Toronto for the purpose of seeing his father, who is very ill.

Captain H. Corbett, who is stationed in Bombay, India, wishes to thank the many comrades who remembered him with a card of cheer at the Christmas season.

Word has come to hand of the passing away of Bandman Charles Hoe son of Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Hoe, of London, Ont. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved widow and family and the parents.

The prayers of comrades are still requested on behalf of Mrs. Major Bech who, though showing slight improvement, is still seriously ill. Commandant Trickey, of Montreal,

has received the Long Service Badge. Congratulations!

Operations will very shortly commence on the construction of the new Richmond Street Industrial building in Toronto.

Colonel Noble recently conducted an early morning devotional service over the radio from the Toronto Y.M.C.A. He was assisted by six male voices from the Lisgar Street Brigade. The Colonel read part of the 121st Psalm, gave a brief address and prayed.

The League of Mercy Members of Brantford during the past month have been very busy. Different institutions in the city have been visited. At the Aged People's Home some one hundred bars of chocolate were distributed. The Christmas "War Cry" brought much delight, as usual, to the inmates. The flowers which were given to the sick brought much cheer and blessing.

We are glad to report that after a long illness Commandant Woolfrey's health has improved sufficiently to enable him, with Mrs. Woolfrey's efficient assistance, to again undertake work, so a pro tem appointment has been arranged for him near Toronto, thus giving him the opportunity of keeping in touch with his medical adviser.

FACTORY MID-DAY MEETING

It is refreshing to find amidst the hustle of modern factory life, firms who make it possible for their employees to gather for worship. The Christie Brown Biscuit Company, Toronto, is one of these, and since the early days of this firm such provision has been made and successfully carried on to the present time. The late Mr. Christie, founder of the factory, was once heard to say, "If I had the power to close up the meetings I would not." On Friday last Lt.-Colonel Saunders, accompanied by Staff-Captain Ham and four Cadets, conducted the meeting, by arrangement of Adjutant McCain, who is responsible for this weekly meeting.

A typical Army noon-day meeting with short address, Scripture reading and plenty of singing and music was held, and a good crowd of eager listeners made it a profitable and blessed half-hour. At the close many requests were made for a return visit.

AT LANGSTAFF AND CONCORD

Men's Social Secretary and Mrs. Morehen Lead Men and Women to God

Colonel and Mrs. Morehen, accompanied by Major McElhinney and Major White, visited the Municipal Jail Farm at Langstaff, and the Women's Farm at Concord, on Sunday, January 27th, where they conducted Salvation meetings with the inmates.

The morning service at Langstaff was attended by a goodly number of men who entered into the exercises and listened to the speakers with much eagerness. Mrs. Morehen's words of advice were followed by the Colonel's vigorous message, and before the service came to a close two sin-weary men raised their hands requesting the prayers of God's people.

The afternoon meeting was held in the hospital ward of this institution, where thirty patients listened eagerly to the message given in song and exhortation.

The final service of the day was held at the Women's Farm in Concord. The tender messages of hope and the promise of Salvation, through the Blood of Christ, made a deep impression upon the listeners, and here, as in the morning service, tangible results were forthcoming. Six signified their desire for prayer.

The solos of Major McElhinney, and the messages of Major White, materially assisted to make the day the spiritual success it evidently was.

LONDON 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)—Last week-end's services were led by our own Officers and all meetings were well attended. Mrs. Adjutant Squarebriggs addressed the Young People, it being Decision Sunday. The commissioning of Leconte was held in the afternoon.

THE ARMY IN THE POLICE COURT

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S GLEANINGS—THERE ARE MORE

HE WAS seventy-six and she was seventy-two. Together they trod life's way for many years, and now, near the end of it all, they were found in a bleak, hopeless condition. But across the grey of their lives the gold of hope was cast. It was brought by The Army's representative. He had been informed of their plight by an Officer of the law, who, when he went to arrest aged "Joan" for insanity, discovered that not arrest, but advice and help was the need! The advice was given by The Army Officer, the help in the form of rent paid and food supplied was forthcoming, and contentment reigned once again in the hearts of the old couple.

Two youths in a Toronto Police Court pleaded guilty to stealing underwear from a department store, because they were cold. Magistrate Brown turned them over to The Salvation Army. Not only were they supplied with adequate protection against Jack Frost, but were given employment in the bargain!

Recently the Deputy Commissioner for the Provincial Police of Ontario requested The Army's assistance in providing for the needs of a family in desperate straits. He himself lent tangible assistance in the form of an appreciated donation. The Army Officer visited the home, if such it could be called, for there was only one room. The complete furnishings consisted of a chair, two beds, and a

table. Two children, one ten years of age, the other two, played about on the floor. Summing up the situation at a glance the Officer promised help. A woman Officer was despatched to the home with milk for the baby, and groceries. Steady work was procured for the husband, and now the little family of four is living in an atmosphere of encouragement.

He had tired of the continuous unemployment in Ireland, and so sailed westward, hopefully. In the new land temporary work was found. Soon sufficient money was accumulated to bring his wife to Canada. Then the tide of fortune turned; he lost his job, was charged with non-support, and appeared before the Magistrate. His Worship advised the workless Irishman to call upon The Salvation Army Officer. This was done, and to-day he has work again!

Two unemployed men were brought before the Toronto Police Court the other day. They had come from Montreal and desired to return there, but were without funds. The Army Officer interceded on their behalf and saved them from a prison term by promising to send them back to the Quebec metropolis. When asked by Officials how they would be sent back, the Officer explained that he would give them his card for identification purposes, provides them with a lunch and then they would tramp to the first train, present the card to the local Army Officer, who would fit



them out for the next lay of the journey. This process would be repeated along the way until the destination would be reached. To provide the scores of applicants to The Army for a "boost" on the road will train fare would be impossible; where the stranded ones are physically able to resort to any other means of covering the ground, they had help on the route from The Army's representatives throughout the country.

SIEGE SUCCESSES AT MONTREAL SOCIAL CORPS

Open-Airs Despite Below Zero Weather—Nine for Salvation—Converts Tell of Victory

CHATHAM STREET (Social City Lieutenant W. Gerard)—The month of the Spirit of God is very vivid at Chatham Street Social Corps. Six days was a day long to be remembered. With the temperature below the zero mark, thirteen faithful comrades stood for thirty minutes on the street and sang to the people and prayed to them. The Open-air was followed by a splendid Holiness meeting conducted by Commandant Harding, the W being nicely filled. There were more (Continued on page 16)

SALVATION ARMY TRADE DEPARTMENT

Extra Special Bargains in Various Lines

GIRLS' NAVY BLUE SERGE SKIRTS

In Sizes 23, 26, 28, 30, 32, waist measure; Panel back and front.

A limited quantity only. While they last, 85 cents each, post paid.

MIDDIES

Middies of White Middy Twill, with red trimmings. In sizes 26 to 40; 85 cents each, post paid.

"THE ANGEL ADJUTANT"

The Life of Kate Lee. Again on sale, 80 cents post paid.

JUST THE THING YOU NEED!

Life-Saving Scout Diary, 1929; with most helpful information, 35 cents, post paid.

A similar Diary for Life-Saving Guards, 35 cents, post paid.

A NEW BOOK:

"Heart Messages," by the late Consul Booth-Tucker. This book is just what the title suggests, and will be read with much inspiration and blessing. Price 80 cents, post paid.

THE SALVATION ARMY 1929 YEAR BOOK

You should have a copy of this most useful source of information. Price 75 cents, post paid.

"LEAVES FOR PLUCKING"

These are Bible promises and helpful readings for each day of the year. Convenient for carrying in pocket or purse. In three different bindings. Price 32c., 12c., 7c. each, post paid.

BOYS' SWEATERS OR GUERNSEYS

These are of red wool, with Salvation Army Crest, and pullover style, in sizes 26, 28, 30. Price \$3.35 post paid.

Write for prices, samples and self-measurement charts for men's and women's uniforms.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS AND INQUIRIES TO—

THE TRADE SECRETARY, 20 Albert Street, Toronto (2) Ontario

CIRCULATION CHART

SOME PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES

C.M.R. Makes a Statement and Proves it to Proveit

"Most interesting and informative."

"I had hardly got the words out of my mouth than 'Stop!' he belowed, and continued, 'You're going some, aren't you, when you say that?'"

"Cry," as usual.

"Maybe," I replied. "Do you question it?"

"I'm not saying that, but—" "Look here, friend Proveit," I said, a bit peeved, "come with me and I'll make you sorry you interrupted me. I'll give you one or two peeps behind the scenes that'll surprise you. Will you come?"

"I'm your man," said Proveit, "lead on."

(Peep behind the scene 1—A Band practice). The Bandmaster, addressing the Bandman: "Now, men, put no excuse for not knowing what agitator is after that informative article on the subject in the 'Cry' this week. And, by the way, I hope you all read our page week by week—most interesting and helpful. Now! On the down beat. Ready!"

(Peep B the S 2—a kitchen). Mrs. Housewife to Mrs. Neighbor who has just called in: "Yes, m'dear, you put in two onions, three carrots, cup pearl barley, one lb. stewing beef (goes through recipe) and it makes most tasty stew. My children simply revel in it."

Mrs. N: "Sounds most scrumptious."

Mrs. H: "It is. We had it yesterday."

Mrs. N: "Where did you see it?"

Mrs. H: "Oh, in 'The War Cry.' And, I say, there's something about hair falling out—what to do for it—your husband—"

Mrs. N: "Yes, do show me it. I must tell him about it."

Mrs. H: "I'll hunt it up. And there's a jolly good article there—Home League Chat—a good poke for fathers. I made our Jim read it. You must get the 'Cry' weekly. Sister Zealous calls with it every week. I'll send her in to you."

(Peep B the S 3—Dining room in home of Army subscriber). Army friend, speaking to guest: "Most remarkable. I was only reading about

it in this week's 'War Cry.' One has little idea of all these people are doing—another helping?—a most interesting article there telling how their Social Work is helping to solve sociological problems. Most remarkable what they do. One story there about a man—poor brute—down on his luck? etc. etc. "You ought to read it. Yes, they are—nice cakes—own make—cook get recipe from 'The War Cry.' I'm a subscriber. You ought to be. Remarkable work."

(Peep B the S 4—Home of Veteran Salvationist). Veteran reading "The War Cry" and commenting to himself: "Aye, things have gone ahead since my day—Scouts and Guards—good idea—roping in the young—something to interest them. Been having Handicraft Exhibition, I see—making all sorts of wonderful things. And thinking of opening up in still another Country, eh? Wonderful! And this is an interesting story about pythons Army Officer was asked to kill; one had a deer inside it. Dear me! Wonderful! See our old friend Condie's got a man saved in condemned cell. God bless him! Another Christian. Missionary gone, eh? Aye, we're all going Home, one by one. I must read this piece 'Caught on the wing,' sounds interesting, and cut out the Bible Readings. What's this? 'Photographing interior of man.' Man swallowed a camera to photograph himself. What next will they do? First, they cut us up and now they're making us swallow cameras to photograph our insides. Wonderful! But what? Councils, eh? Which we never had 'em in my day. Which we had had. Army's always advancing. Wonderful! Wonderful!"

"Now friend Proveit" I could show you some more peeps, but time, you know—"

"Quite! It's been most enlightening—no idea—"

"Have I proved what I said?"

"You win! I endorse all you say, Rising, old fellow. Most interesting and informative."

"All right. Mind you boost it for all your're worth."

"Trust me. Give me a hundred quick."

—C. M. RISING.

P.S.—Look out in our next for some good increases.

We are looking for you



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

Address Colonel Morehen, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

PUCK, Ernest Henrik, also known as Ernest Karlsen—Age 52; tall; worked on the railroad. When last heard of he was living in La Tuque Station, Quebec. Parents in Norway, anxious to hear from him. 17111

MOORE, John—When last heard of was living in Brockville, Ont., but left there about one year ago. Age 24; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; brown hair; hazel eyes; dark complexion. Labourer. 17139

ADJUTANT, Ole Bendt—Age about 42 years; single; served in Great War; when last heard of, about three years ago, owned a farm. 17215

ADJUTANT, Francis, Daniel—Age about 18 years; height 6 ft. 3 ins.; brown hair; dark eyes; fair complexion. Born in Sydney, N.S. Missing about two and a half years. Grocer's clerk, but he liked garage work. 17257

ADJUTANT, Erik Vilhelm—Last known address Phoenix Lumber Camp, Canada. Average height; brown hair; last heard of about three years ago. 17281

(Continued from column 1)

St. John Division	
MONCTON	625
(Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	
St. John	325
(Ensign and Mrs. Ellis)	
Fredericton	265
(Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	
St. Stephen	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	
Charlottetown	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	
St. John II	180
(Ensign Danby, Captain Hunt)	
Cambridge	150
(Captain and Mrs. Payton)	
Woodstock, N.B.	150
(Captain P. Ritchie, Lieutenant Hogarth)	
St. John III	150
(Commandant and Mrs. Woolcott)	

Sydney Division	
SYDNEY	275
(Ensign Hiscott, Captain Adcock)	
Glace Bay	135
(Ensign and Mrs. Howlett)	
Whitney	150
(Captain and Mrs. Green)	
Sydney Mines	150
(Capt. Chilton, Lieutenant Morgan)	
North Sydney	150
(Captain and Mrs. Everitt)	

Toronto East Division	
RIVERDALE	400
(Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward)	
Peterboro	380
(Ensign and Mrs. Green)	
Yorkville	300
(Commandant and Mrs. Davis)	
Danforth	275
(Field-Major and Mrs. Hiscott)	
Oshawa	260
(Field-Major and Mrs. Osbourne)	
East Toronto	255
(Commandant and Mrs. Raymer)	
Rhodes Avenue	245
(Ensign and Mrs. Bond)	
Parliament Street	224
(Adjutant Davies, Captain Piche, Lieutenant Murray)	
Bedford Park	210
(Captain Bobbitt, Lieutenant Matthews)	
Cobourg	165
(Commandant and Mrs. Hargrave)	
North Toronto	150
(Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Bryant)	

Toronto West Division	
LIPPINCOTT	350
(Adjutant and Mrs. Ashby)	
Dovercourt	280
(Adjutant Jones, Captain Pelham)	
West Toronto	240
(Field-Major and Mrs. Rigdon)	
Lisgar Street	180
(Adjutant Kettle, Lieutenant Wilder)	
Toronto	170
(Ensign and Mrs. Warrander)	
Swansea	170
(Captain Currie, Lieutenant Beeston)	
Broad Avenue	155
(Ensign and Mrs. Thompson)	

T.H.Q.	
Toronto Temple	160
(Adjutant and Mrs. McBain)	

Windsor Division	
WINDSOR I	400
(Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	
Windsor II	275
(Ensign and Mrs. Harrison)	
Windsor III	225
(Adjutant Hickling, Ensign Richardson)	
Leamington	150
(Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)	
Walsburg	150
(Captain Janaway, Lieutenant Redlar)	

Newfoundland Sub-Territory	
Sub-T.H.Q. and St. John's Corps, Combined	650
Grand Falls	150
(Commandant and Mrs. Marsh, Lieutenant Downey)	

height 5 ft. 6 ins. or 7 ins.; fair complexion; and fair hair; blue eyes; had hands on upper and lower teeth when last heard of. 17372

LOOK, Clarence Lorne—Age about 44 years; height 5 ft. 11 ins.; dark hair; dark complexion. Has been missing twenty years; was fireman on the C.N.R. hair; medium complexion; age about 46. Was in St. Thomas winter of 1928-29, now believed to be in Toronto. 17419

KNOWLES, Arthur and Jack—Vergas-cutter by in Toronto who left Sheffield, England, in 1892. Friends anxious for news. 17423

MEE, William Henry—Age 40; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; blue eyes; fair complexion. Born in Birmingham, England. Has been missing thirty years. Brother anxious to hear from him. 17383

MARSH, Noah—Age 31 years; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; dark blue eyes; dark brown hair; medium complexion. Last heard of in February 1925, when he was in Scotsburn, Pictou, N.S. 17395

HAYMAN, John Robert—Formerly velocity of Kingston, Ontario, in Canadian Artillery; blacksmith by trade. Height 5 ft. 11 ins.; weight 200 lbs.; dark hair; medium complexion; age about 46. Was in St. Thomas winter of 1928-29, now believed to be in Toronto. 17419

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IMMIGRATION & COLONIZATION DEPARTMENT

Special Ocean Rates to Canada for Wives and Children of British Subjects

\$12.25 per adult to Canadian Port.

Free passage for children under 17 years of age

Write at once for particulars—THE RESIDENT SECRETARY 1225 University St., Montreal, P.Q.

The Secretary, 808 Dundas St. W., Woodstock, Ont.

180 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.

114 Beckett St., Smith's Falls, Ont.

CIRCULATION CHART

Halifax Division	
HALIFAX I	1,125
(Adjutant and Mrs. Bonher)	
Truro	285
(Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)	
Halifax	225
(Commandant Wells)	
New Glasgow	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens, Lieutenant Ogilvie)	
Yarmouth	200
(Captain and Mrs. Miles)	
Dartmouth	155
(Adjutant and Mrs. Cummings)	

Hamilton Division	
HAMILTON IV	575
(Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)	
Hamilton	650
(Field-Major and Mrs. Ellsworth)	
Hamilton III	320
(Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Moore)	
Brantford	260
(Field-Major and Mrs. Squarebriggs)	
Orillia	250
(Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)	
Hamilton II	250
(Adjutant Bird, Ensign Hart)	
St. Catharines	250
(Field-Major and Mrs. Wiseman)	
Galt	225
(Commandant and Mrs. Bexton)	
Kitchener	200
(Adjutant and Mrs. Bexton)	
Bridgeburg	200
(Captain Ford, Lieutenant Smith)	
Niagara Falls I	180
(Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins)	
Port Colborne	175
(Captain and Mrs. F. Dixon)	
Quebec	170
(Commandant and Mrs. White)	

London Division	
ST. THOMAS	325
(Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)	
Sarnia	270
(Commandant and Mrs. Cavender)	
London I	250
(Commandant and Mrs. Laing)	
Windsor, Ont.	210
(Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson)	
Stratford	200
(Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)	
Owen Sound	180
(Ensign and Mrs. Sage)	

Montreal Division	
MONTREAL I	900
(Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)	
Sherbrooke	425
(Ensign and Mrs. Payton)	
Montreal II	300
(Adjutant and Mrs. Hart)	
Kingston	250
(Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	
Montreal IV	225
(Captain and Mrs. Worthylake)	
Montreal VI (Verdun)	200
(Ensign and Mrs. Larman)	
Bellevue	180
(Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins)	
Cornwall	155
(Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)	

North Bay Division	
TIMMINS	425
(Captain and Mrs. Evenden)	
North Bay	210
(Captain and Mrs. Jolly, Captain Dearman)	
Sudbury	225
(Captain and Mrs. Renshaw, Lieutenant Downs)	
Sault Ste. Marie I	230
(Ensign Waters, Lieutenant Ibbotson)	
Sault Ste. Marie II	150
(Adjutant and Mrs. Guston)	
Cochrane	150
(Captain Yurgensen, Lieutenant W. Harrington)	

Ottawa Division	
OTTAWA I	600
(Ensign and Mrs. Felle)	
Ottawa	210
(Adjutant and Mrs. Howe)	
Ottawa II	150
(Ensign Page, Lieutenant Sempie)	

(Continued in column 4)

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\$18.25 per adult to Canadian Port.

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THE RESIDENT SECRETARY

125 University St., Montreal, P.Q.

The Secretary,
808 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.
404 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.
114 Beekwith St., Smith's Falls, Ont.SOME PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES
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"I'm not saying that, but—" "Look here, friend Proveit," I said, a bit peeved, "come with me and I'll make you sorry you interrupted me. I'll give you one or two peeps behind the scenes that'll surprise you. Will you come?"

"I'm your man," said Proveit, "lead on."

(Peep behind the scene 1—a Band practice). The Bandmaster, addressing the Bandman: "Now, men, put a little more agitato into it. You've no excuse for not knowing what agitato is after that informative article on the subject in the 'Cry' this week. And, by the way, I hope you all read our page week by week—most interesting and helpful. Now! On the down beat. Ready!"

(Peep B the S 2—a kitchen). Mrs. Housewife to Mrs. Neighbor who has just called in: "Yes, m'dear, you put in two onions, three carrots, cup pearl barley, one lb. steaming beef (goes through recipe) and it makes most tasty stew. My children simply relish it."

Mrs. N: "Sounds most scrumptious."

Mrs. H: "It is. We had it yesterday."

Mrs. N: "Where did you see it?"

Mrs. H: "Oh, in 'The War Cry.' And, I say, there's something about fair falling out—what to do for it—your husband—"

Mrs. N: "Yes, do show me it. I must tell him about it."

Mrs. H: "I'll hunt it up. And there's a jolly good article there—Home League Chat—a good poke for farkles. I made our Jim read it. You must get the 'Cry' weekly. Sister Zealous calls with it every week. I'll send her in to you."

(Peep B the S 3—Dining room in home of Army subscriber). Army friend, speaking to guest: "Most remarkable. I was only reading about

it in this week's 'War Cry.' One has little idea of all these people are doing—another helping?—a most interesting article there telling how their Social Work is helping to solve sociological problems. Most remarkable what they do. One story there about a man—poor brute—down on his luck," etc. etc. "You ought to read it. Yes, they are nice cakes—own make—cook got recipe from 'The War Cry.' I'm a subscriber. You ought to be. Remarkable work."

(Peep B the S 4—Home of Veteran Salvationist). Veteran reading "The War Cry" and commenting to himself: "Aye, things have gone ahead since my day—Scouts and Guards—good idea—rope in the young—something to interest them. Been having Handicraft Exhibition, I see—making all sorts of wonderful things. And thinking of opening up in still another country, eh? Wonderful! And this is an interesting story about pythons Army Officer was asked to kill; one had a deer inside it. Dear me! Wonderful! See our old friend Connie's got a man saved in condemned cell. God bless him! Another Christian. Missionary gone, eh? Aye, we're all going Home, one by one. I must read 'this piece 'Caught on the wing,' sounds interesting, and cut out the Bible Readings. What's this? 'Photographing interior of man.' Man swallowed a camera to photograph himself. What next will they do? First they set up cameras to photograph our insides. Wonderful! But not our I.M. Councils, eh? We never had 'em in my day. Wish we had had. Army's always advancing. Wonderful! Wonderful!"

"Now friend Proveit, I could show you some more peeps, but time, you know."

"Quite! It's been most enlightening—no ideas—"

"Have I proved what I said?"

"You win! I endorse all you say, Rising, old fellow. Most interesting and informative."

"All right. Mind you boost it for all you're worth."

"Trust me. Give me a hundred quick."

—C. M. RISING.

P.S.—Look out in our next for some good increases.

We are looking for you



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist any person in distress.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address: Colonel Morehen, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

PUCK, Ernest Henrik, also known as Ernest Karlsen—Age 55; tall; worked on the railroad. When last heard of he was living in La. Tugue Station, Quebec. Parents in Norway, anxious to hear from him. 17131

MOORE, John—When last heard of was living in Brockville, Ont., but left there about one year ago. Age 24; height 6 ft. 8 ins.; brown hair; hazel eyes; dark complexion. Labourer. 17139

ADJUS, Ole Bendiks—Age about 42 years; single; served in Great War; when last heard of about three years ago, owned a farm. 17215

GALLIVAN, Clarence Daniel—Age 30 years; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; brown hair; dark eyes; fair complexion. Born in Sydney, N.S. Missing about two and a half years. Grocer's clerk, but he died of a brain stroke. 17257

NYBACH, Erik Vilhelm—Last known address Phoenix Lumber Camp, Canada. Average height; brown hair; last heard of about three years ago. 17231

VESTHOLME, Isak Wikter Severin—Age about 45 years; tall; when last heard of was living in St. John, N.B. He was a sailor, but worked in the Gas Works in St. John. His advantage is he will communicate. 17282

PAGE, Christopher—Age 22 years; height 6 ft. 9 ins.; very fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Native of Wednesbury, England. 17306

MCENIR, Ludwig—This young man is being sought by his uncle by the name of Mark. Age 30 years; tall; dark hair. Last heard of in January, 1921, when his address was Tecumseh, Ont. 17311

THACKRAY, Abel—Age 29 years; medium weight; brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Smith and plumber by occupation. Native of Walsby, Yorkshire. Mother in England, anxious. 17318

FREW, Alexander—Age about 38 years; height 5 ft. 11 ins.; brown hair; grey eyes; fair complexion. Native of Scotland; when last heard of he was living in Sherbrooke. 17324

McKENNA, Patrick—Native of Drumahaire, Monaghan County, Ireland. 30 years of age; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; dark hair; blue eyes. Brother anxious to hear from him. 17332

WILMAN, Erik Emil—Age about 35 years; tall; fair hair; blue eyes. Mother in Sweden, anxious to hear from him. 17344

ELLIOTT, Walter—Slater is anxious for news. Age 41 years; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; blue eyes; fair complexion. Weaver by trade, but can do bookkeeping. When last heard of was in Toronto. 17345

PETERS, Alonzo—Middle aged; height 6 ft. 7 ins.; dark complexion; black hair; blue eyes. Native of Windsor, Ont. Last heard of in Bridgeburg, Ont., in August, 1927. Two sons anxious to hear from him. 17346

HANSEN, Jens Oskae Bornhoff—Sought to have left United States for Canada. Average height; blonde hair; dark eyes. Age about 65 years. 17354

HALL, William Harvey—Age 15 years;

(Continued from column 1)	
St. John Division	
MONCTON	625
(Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	
St. John I	325
(Ensign and Mrs. Ellis)	
Fredericton	265
(Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	
St. Stephen	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	
Charlottetown	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	
St. John II	180
(Ensign Danby, Captain Hunt)	
Campbellton	150
(Captain and Mrs. Payton)	
Woodstock, N.B.	150
(Captain F. Ritchie, Lieutenant Hagarth)	
St. John III	150
(Commandant and Mrs. Woolcott)	

Sydney Division	
SYDNEY	275
(Ensign Hiscott, Captain Adeock)	
Glace Bay	135
(Ensign and Mrs. Howlett)	
Whitby, Ont.	150
(Captain and Mrs. Green)	
Sydney Mines	150
(Ensign Channing, Lieutenant Morgan)	
North Sydney	150
(Captain and Mrs. Everitt)	

Toronto East Division	
RIVERDALE	400
(Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward)	
Peterboro	380
(Ensign and Mrs. Green)	
Yorkville	300
(Commandant and Mrs. Davis)	
Danforth	275
(Captain and Mrs. Hiscott)	
Oshawa	260
(Field-Major and Mrs. Osbourne)	
East York	255
(Commandant and Mrs. Raymer)	
Rhodes Avenue	245
(Ensign and Mrs. Bond)	
Parliament Street	224
(Adjutant Davies, Captain Piche, Lieutenant Murray)	
Bedford Park	210
(Captain Bobbitt, Lieutenant Matthews)	
Cobourg	165
(Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)	
North Toronto	150
(Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Bryant)	

Toronto West Division	
LIPPINCOTT	350
(Adjutant and Mrs. Ashby)	
Dovercourt	260
(Adjutant Jones, Captain Peltham)	
West Toronto	240
(Field-Major and Mrs. Hignon)	
Ligar Street	180
(Adjutant Kettle, Lieutenant Wilder)	
Toronto	170
(Ensign and Mrs. Warrander)	
Swansea	170
(Adjutant Currie, Lieutenant Boston)	
Brock Avenue	155
(Adjutant and Mrs. Thompson)	

I.H.Q.	
Toronto Temple	160
(Adjutant and Mrs. McBain)	
Windsor Division	
WINDSOR I	400
(Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	
Windsor	275
(Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)	
Windsor III	225
(Adjutant Hickling, Ensign Richardson)	
Leamington	150
(Adjutant Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)	
Wallaceburg	150
(Captain Janaway, Lieutenant Fedlar)	

Newfoundland Sub-Territory	
Sub-T.H.Q. and St. John's Corps, Newfoundland Combined	650
Grand Falls	150
(Commandant and Mrs. Marsh, Lieutenant Downey)	

height 5 ft. 6 ins. or 7 ins; fair complexion and fair hair; blue eyes; had hands on upper and lower teeth when he was born. 17272

COOK, Clarence Lorne—Age about 44 years; height 5 ft. 11 ins. Dark hair; dark complexion. Has been married twenty years; was fireman on the C.N.R. Has been living in Toronto. 17281

REESE, William—Age 40; height 6 ft. 11 ins.; blue eyes; fair complexion. Born in Nottingham, England. Has been missing thirty years. Brother anxious to hear from him. 17343

MARSH, Noah—Age 31 years; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; dark blue eyes; dark brown hair; medium complexion. Last heard of in Scotland, Pictou, N.S. 17355

HAYMAN, John Robert—Formerly vicinity of Kingston; served in Canadian Army from 1925 when he was in Scotland, Pictou, N.S. 17355

KNOWLES, Arthur and Jack—Were glass-cutters by trade, who left Sherbrooke in 1925 when he was anxious for news. 17120

MEADES, William James—Age 65 to 70 years; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; dark hair; brown eyes, very heavy set. Weight about 189 lbs.; complexion. Brother anxious to hear from him. 17427

CUTTINGS, Nelson George—Age 32 years; reddish complexion. Last seen in Seaford, Ont. To his advantage if he communicates. 17433